GENERAL LIBRARY,
UNIV. OF MICH.
10 JUN 1898

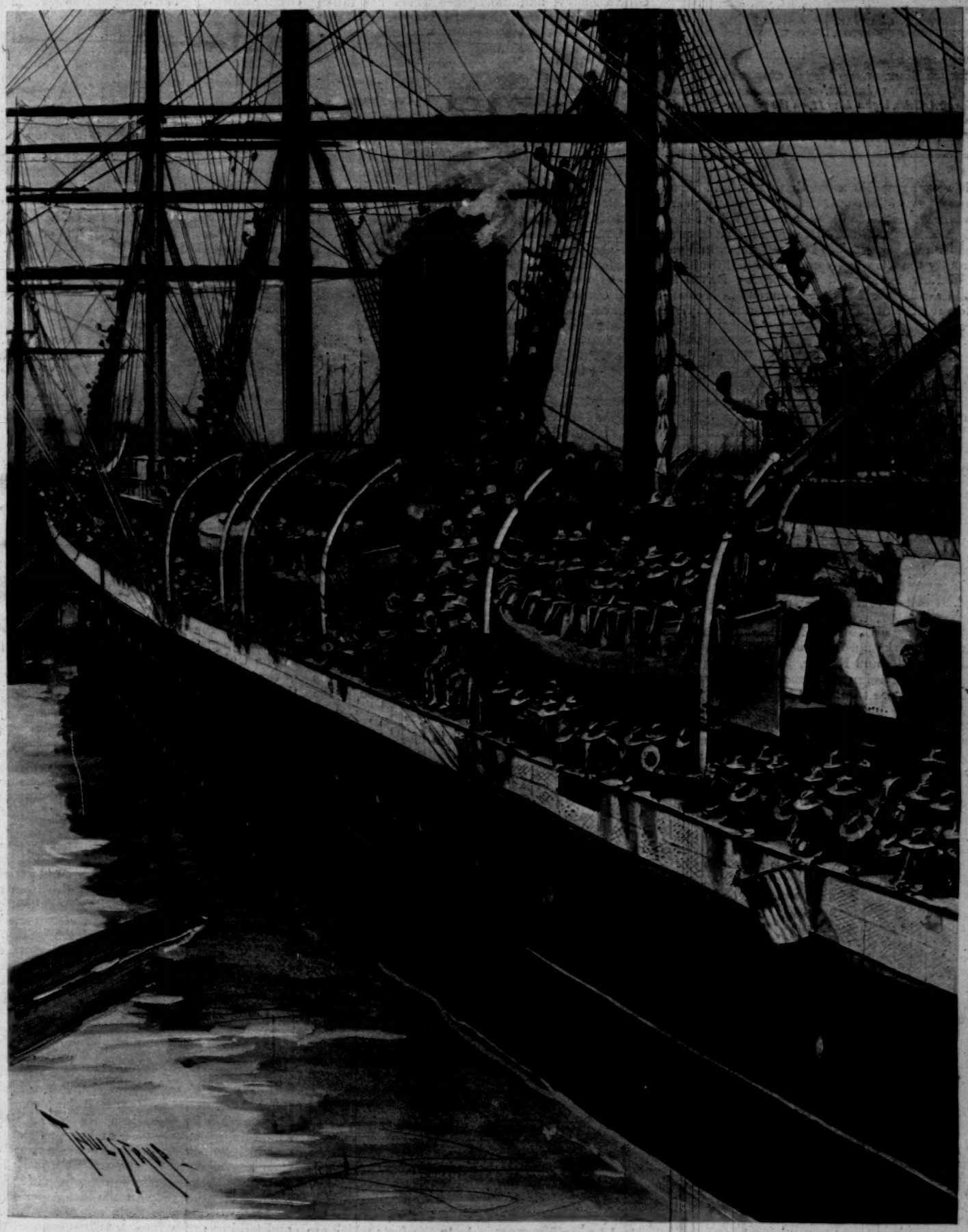
SUPPLEMENT IN COLORS—WAR MAPS AND NEW ARMY UNIFORMS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLII.—No. 2164.
Copyright, 1898, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1898.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



GOING TO HELP DEWEY.

THE S. S. "CITY OF PEKING" PULLING OUT FROM THE WHARF, SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 26.

DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY WEIDNER.—[SEE PAGE 562.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, JUNE 11, 1898

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

New York City: Franklin Square

This Paper will be the best Pictorial History of the War with Spain, as it was of the War of 1861. Its Special Artists and Correspondents will follow the Army and Navy, and notable Events in Washington and elsewhere will be accurately portrayed.

ARTISTS.	CORRESPONDENTS.
RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM.	CASPAR WHITNEY.
CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.	JOHN FOX, JR.
FREDERIC REMINGTON.	O. K. DAVIS.
T. DE THULSTRUP.	JOHN F. BASS.
W. A. ROGERS.	HAROLD MARTIN.

POULTNEY BIGELOW, *who has just completed a Tour of Spain for* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *on a Bicycle, is contributing a Series of Articles, begun May 11, on the popular Sentiment in Spain in regard to the War. Messrs.* BASS *and* DAVIS *will represent the* WEEKLY *in the Philippines.*

IT is very agreeable news that HILL and Tammany have fallen out. Not very many years ago we could not have been induced to believe that the best interests of the State would ever be promoted by a victory won by DAVID B. HILL, and yet apparently the time has come in the political history of New York when a victory by DAVID B. HILL in the Democratic State Convention is essential to save the State from absolute and complete disgrace.

THE Pennsylvania State Convention was held last Thursday. As was anticipated, Mr. QUAY won, and nominated his candidate, Congressman STONE, for Governor. Mr. WANAMAKER made a vigorous and excellent struggle against the boss, but the time has not yet come for the Republicans of Pennsylvania to break away from the corrupt tyranny which makes their party even a worse enemy to the State and to the republican form of government than Tammany Hall is in New York.

THE good news comes to us that Mr. KASSON and the French ambassador have agreed upon a reciprocity treaty under the provisions of the DINGLEY tariff law. The French tariff charges upon certain goods have been reduced, and, in turn, the President is to reduce our own tax upon certain French goods. What the rate of reduction is is of little importance compared with the fact that the treaty must mark improved trade relations between the United States and France. This is the kind of change in our foreign relations which the people of this country, we think, will hail with gratitude.

SENATOR LODGE feels seriously concerned as to the position of Congress before the country, and he is perfectly right in saying, as he did the other day in a speech in the Senate, that it has been the tendency of the country of late years to look upon Congress with less and less respect, and upon the President with more and more. The reason for this is evident. With the exception of a few men, among whom Senator LODGE may be counted, there is hardly any one in Congress who is sufficiently educated to discuss intelligently the grave public questions which are now before the country. We may sum up the whole case against Congress, perhaps, in a single phrase, in saying that if the country possessed a man equal to Mr. GLADSTONE in intellect and character, he could not possibly become a member of either the United States Senate or the House of Representatives. On the other hand, the President has shown himself both a conservative and a courageous power, ready to take the responsibilities that belong to him, and cautious in action when important interests depend upon him. There is an inclination among the people of this country to revolt against legislative tyranny, and both Mr. CLEVELAND and Mr. MCKINLEY, by their conduct of their offices, have encouraged the inclination.

IT is pleasant to read of a change in the expression of French and German feeling towards this country. That there has been no real change of sentiment goes without saying. The people of Continental Europe are not kindly disposed towards this country, for many reasons, and they can afford to sympathize with Spain without injuring their material prospects. Moreover, the material interests of the French are closely associated with those of Spain, and the war is injuring them. The United States have no reason to care one way or the other, so long as these unfriendly sympathies are not strong enough to lead those who entertain them into a hostile attitude towards this country. But there was no reason at all why the sympathies of France, for example, should find expression in violent and vulgar insults to this country and its people. These did not make pleasant reading, and we are glad that they are stopped. Nor do we care very much that they were stopped at the dictation of dressmakers and jewellers. If, in addition to the rule of the army, the French press is governed by the opinions of dressmakers and jewellers, so much the worse for France, but it is largely a matter of indifference to us. We think, however, that the main reason for the change of verbal attitude towards us is the strong expression of English sympathy with the United States; and the silence which has fallen upon some of the Paris papers in the presence of that expression, and the haste with which some other newspapers have assured us that their insults are not to be taken seriously, are indications of what might be accomplished by a friendly alliance between the English-speaking peoples.

THE President has offered to the Hon. OSCAR STRAUS, and Mr. STRAUS has accepted, the position of minister to Turkey. It is creditable to Mr. MCKINLEY that he has made so wise a selection, and also to Mr. STRAUS that he has again, notwithstanding the sacrifice involved, taken upon himself the duties of minister to Turkey. When Mr. STRAUS served as minister before, under the first administration of Mr. CLEVELAND, those who were familiar with the condition of affairs prevailing at Constantinople, and with Mr. STRAUS'S eminently successful labors there, knew that the country never had been so well represented before. Mr. HARRISON wished Mr. STRAUS to continue in service, but it was impossible for him to do so without making a still greater and more serious sacrifice than he had already made in remaining minister for two years under Mr. CLEVELAND. During Mr. CLEVELAND'S second term, when the delicate questions between this country and the Porte threatened to lead to serious trouble, the missionaries and other American citizens in Turkey urged Mr. STRAUS'S return, and if he had been willing to go, Mr. CLEVELAND would probably have appointed him then. Dr. ANGELL is coming home in August or September to resume his duties as President of Michigan University. He has been a good minister; but the troublesome questions between the United States and the Porte are very urgent, and Mr. MCKINLEY feels the need of the services of the man who has before this succeeded best at the difficult post. Therefore he offered the appointment to Mr. STRAUS in a manner which distinguishes the method of the selection from that which ordinarily obtains. Mr. STRAUS has accepted the place, as he stated in his telegram to the President, regarding the offer "as a command," and deeming it his "patriotic duty to you [the President] and to the country to accept."

MR. POULTNEY BIGELOW'S communication on the conditions prevailing among the troops at Tampa, published in the last issue of the WEEKLY, has attracted a good deal of attention and called forth much criticism. It is fair to Mr. CASPAR WHITNEY to give here, in brief, what he has to say in contradiction of Mr. BIGELOW, since his telegram reached us too late to permit of its publication in connection with his usual letter. Mr. WHITNEY says that Mr. BIGELOW'S criticism that the camp is not near enough to the sea to permit the men to bathe in it is baseless, because Tampa itself is nine miles from the sea, and that the men are taken there to be drilled because the "climate . . . . approaches that of Cuba." He adds:

> The facts are that the troops will receive not only the usual supply given them, but a greater and more frequent supply of "fresh food and vegetables" than any troops in the world; that the "civilian staff-officers" here at Tampa have proved most efficient; that every camp of the twenty-five thousand troops here is bountifully supplied with food and water; that all needful drilling has been done regularly since the troops first arrived; that the medical returns prove that in this general camp up to date there have been but twenty-seven cases that might be called "sick," and but one death; that on the day BIGELOW wrote that there was not "a single regiment fit to take the field" there were 12,000 troops equipped, rationed, and fit. . . .
>
> BIGELOW'S reference to General WHEELER reveals not only brutal disregard of the one happy phase in our war, but unpardonable ignorance of the quality and military fitness of that famous cavalry leader.

We give this also in fairness to the persons criticised by Mr. BIGELOW. As to the facts which are the subject of dispute, we cannot judge between the contending parties, because our knowledge is second hand. But this we do know, that the attempt to make it appear that Mr. BIGELOW has been guilty of deliberate misrepresentation and deceit, and that his letter was seditious, as is charged, is supremely foolish, and is unworthy of intelligent men. The underlying motive of this charge may be judged from the fact that it is repeated by a newspaper correspondent who was guilty of the same kind of "sedition" on the day before his denunciation appeared, in the same paper. Mr. BIGELOW knows a great deal more about troops and armies and about war preparations than many of his critics, and we think his judgment at least as good as that of any of them. As to the charge of "sedition," glibly made by men who evidently do not know the meaning of the word, Mr. BIGELOW believed that the condition of the army at Tampa would lead to disaster if the troops there were led into Cuba at this time. Under these circumstances he had the right to speak, and he would have done wrong if he had remained silent. The cowards, the untruthful, the slanderers, are the men who write in private letters what Mr. BIGELOW wrote for publication, and who now join in denunciation of him. They are the enemies of the country who are urging an invasion for which they know we are not prepared. We know that Mr. BIGELOW'S motives were excellent; and without, as we have said, judging as to the facts of the controversy, we regret that any one has been so silly or so wicked as to charge him with sedition. Some of Mr. BIGELOW'S critics pretend also that he has assailed the regular army. If they have intelligently read Mr. BIGELOW'S communication, they know that his criticism was levelled at amateurs, in Congress and out, who, he says, are responsible for the bad conditions under which the regular troops are suffering. Mr. BIGELOW is too old a friend of the regular army, and too proud of its character and achievements, to be easily discredited by false representations that are evidently deliberate and malicious. As for the WEEKLY, the army knows where it stands, and what its position is with respect to the regular establishment. The WEEKLY believes in the regular army, and has always resented the injustices done it by the politicians, and it is not criticism of this fine body of officers and men to publish a communication saying that they have neither a good camping-place nor the proper kind of clothing and food for a summer campaign in a tropical climate.

WHAT IS AND WHAT IS NOT AMERICAN.

THE time is coming when the country will be forced to consider seriously, as a question of immediate politics, the subject of territorial expansion. Indeed, the time has already come when preparation for the discussion must be made by those who oppose the adoption of a colonial policy by the United States, and when at least one phase of the subject may as well be settled. In the mean time, and as preliminary to the consideration of the question, we think that the advocates of what they hold to be a larger international policy than this country has heretofore pursued ought to be made aware that they cannot escape a debate on the merits of their proposed departure on the theory that, by our interference in Venezuela, and by our insistence on the withdrawal of Spain from Cuba, we have already cast in our lot with the jarring nations of the Old World. If we have gone so far as to warrant the statement that unless we make a volte-face we are bound to take our place as a "world power," we have not gone so far that we cannot reconsider and retire from a dangerous position. But by insisting that Venezuela should not be oppressed by a strong European power, and that murder by starvation should cease in Cuba, we have not, in fact, set out upon a course of territorial aggrandizement and international intermeddling. Our chivalric errands accomplished, we may still withdraw from the field of war and of international complications, and devote ourselves to domestic improvement.

The immediate phase of the question to which we refer concerns us all. Which is the American course? Assuming that we have conquered Spain, and that we have taken Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippine Islands, will it be American, in accordance with American honor, tradition, and sound policy, to keep them and try to govern them, or will it be American to rid ourselves of them as soon as we can conveniently and justly? For the Jingoes, the annexationists, the extensionists, are insisting that they are the true Americans, and that all who oppose them are necessarily acting and talking under foreign influences, and there is even manifested by a few of the most radical of the earth-hungry a disposition to banish those who believe that the country is large enough as it

is; that the problems of our republican government are puzzling enough as they are; that imminent dangers threaten us, dangers which cannot be met and overcome by public servants able to give only a divided attention to domestic questions; that the land within our present borders is abundant for all the demands that can be made upon it for new homes for centuries to come; and that the solemn promise which was made by Congress in declaring war—the promise that the country did not, and would not, seek aggrandizement—should be kept.

There are few reasons for the assertion that the doctrine of colonial expansion by this country is the essentially American, and therefore patriotic, doctrine, and these ought not to appeal strongly to one who is imbued with the fundamental principles of our republican government. They are, in the main, military and commercial. The military reasons are undoubtedly the weakest, for they are based on an assumption radically hostile to the genius of democracy. Peace and the remoteness of the danger of war have been among our happiest possessions. We touch so few powers possibly hostile; our industrial and commercial interests are of such overwhelming and absorbing importance; we have no burden of dynastic greed and ambitions; the people are so little prone to war when they are left to themselves, that we have been counted among the civilizing nations of the earth, and not among those ready, for the gain of lands or for the gratification of revenge, to drag it back into barbarism. We have been busy not only in our industrial pursuits and in growing wheat and corn for the world, but in demonstrating the value of democratic principles to the citizen. We have been making the individual larger, while the military powers of Continental Europe have been forcing him to wither; and our influence has penetrated to remote corners, where arms could not have carried it. We have deliberately refused to be a military power, or to tax ourselves heavily for military expenditures, aside from our unfortunate excursion of fifty years ago, except for the defence of the nation, or for the preservation of the Union, or in generous recognition of sacrifices made in our wars. Therefore, unless we are to change our national policy, it is absurd to say that military reasons demand that we undertake colonial projects, and to that end that we add to our territory the Hawaiian Islands and other "strategic points." If we are to continue not to be a military power, why possess strategic points, and why maintain the greatly increased army and navy which will be made necessary by such possessions? If we are to remain what we are, we need power enough for complete defence, and nothing more. If we are to change our national policy, then indeed we need strategic points because of our new frontiers and responsibilities. In other words, the advocates of a strong military policy are advocates of a change in our political ideals, while those who are opposed to expansion believe in the maintenance of traditions and of a policy as old as the republic itself. Why, then, are the first the advocates of the American policy, and the others not? There certainly seems to be a confusion of ideas involved in holding that those are un-American who advocate the maintenance of the traditional national policy. For answer to the assertion that we need territorial extension in aid of our commerce it is only necessary to say that it is the American theory that commerce goes where it reaps the greatest profit, and that, in the end, the needs and desires of men cannot be restrained or limited by such colonial policies as Germany and France are setting up. Already, without colonies, without intruding into international relations, the people of the United States have enjoyed all the commercial privileges which they have desired, and they will continue to enjoy them as long as they have bread and manufactures to sell to those who need them. Moreover, the markets for our products will be the larger and the more profitable the more we are able to maintain peaceable relations with the rest of the world.

The sound American believes in the genius of the republic and in the virtue of its institutions. His government was founded for the benefit of the individual citizen. Its task is the most beneficent of all the tasks performed by government the world over. Its burdens rest so lightly upon its citizens that they hardly realize its existence. It makes mistakes; it is sometimes ignorant; it is often awkward; it exasperates us; it is frequently inefficient as it is; it would be always inefficient if the burdens of large military establishments and of colonial government were imposed upon its executive power. Its virtues lie very largely in this executive weakness. But awkward and mistaken, inefficient and exasperating as it often is, it has worked more lasting good in the world than all the other governments combined. It does not govern colonies. It governs no man against his will, or without his consent expressed as to the smallest detail. Its accomplishments for the human race and its virtues are the consequences of its differences from other governments. Other governments can manage colonies because they possess the machinery for ruling men against their wills, for levying taxes without the consent of those who pay them. In the elements and features of our government, which differ from those of Europe, lie its Americanism, and those who wish to maintain the government as it was framed and as it has existed until now are the true Americans, while those who want to go abroad in distant oceans for new territory thus express their distrust in our institutions, and their longing for a return to the flesh-pots of Egypt. And for these would-be imitators of an Old World from which our fathers parted a century ago, no words are so pertinent and significant as these stirring lines of LOWELL:

O my friends, thank your God, if you have one, that He
'Twixt the Old World and you set the gulf of a sea;
Be strong-backed, brown-handed, upright as your pines,
By the scale of a hemisphere shape your designs,
Be true to yourselves and this new nineteenth age,
As a statue by Powers, or a picture by Page.
Plough, sail, forge, build, carve, paint, all things make new,
To your own New World instincts contrive to be true,
Keep your ears open wide to the future's first call,
Be whatever you will, but yourselves first of all,
Stand fronting the dawn on Toil's heaven-scaling peaks,
And become my new race of more practical Greeks.

BRITISH SUZERAINTY IN THE TRANSVAAL.

PRESIDENT KRUGER has made good his promise to "show the world whether we are a nation or no" by formally repudiating Great Britain's claim to suzerainty over the South African Republic. At the same time he expresses his willingness to abide fully by the London Convention of 1884. There is rather more in the President's action than a mere desire to find a less obnoxious word than suzerainty to define the relations between Great Britain and the Transvaal. It is the first official step towards the accomplishment of his scheme to make the Transvaal as independent in foreign as it is in domestic affairs; and as such is rather more important than most of the points that have been in dispute between the cautious old Boer and the agile Colonial Secretary.

It is true that the *word* suzerainty was omitted from the Convention of 1884 in a moment of somewhat foolish deference to Boer susceptibilities. But the *thing* suzerainty was contained in it clearly enough. "The South African Republic," said one of the clauses, "will conclude no treaty or engagement with any state or nation other than the Orange Free State, nor with any native tribe to the eastward or westward of the republic, until the same has been approved by her Majesty the Queen." In the face of this clause, it is impossible to contend that the Transvaal is an independent state. No state can be called independent which is prohibited from managing its foreign affairs in its own way. The Transvaal is free to negotiate treaties with the Orange Free State. With all other countries its relations are controlled by Great Britain.

The exact word to describe the position in which the two countries stand to one another is hard to find. Suzerainty is a doubtful term of the vaguest legal import. The Sultan of Turkey calls himself the suzerain of the Khedive, yet Egypt is governed by the British without a thought of the Yildiz Kiosk. The word has simply been adopted as a convenient one to define the peculiar relations of England and the Transvaal. To employ it adds nothing to the real efficacy of the Convention of 1884; to drop it does not diminish British authority in any way. Call that authority by what name one will—suzerainty, control, or the right to veto—the fact remains that the Transvaal, in one very important department of its national affairs, is absolutely subject to Great Britain.

When, therefore, President KRUGER solemnly repudiates British suzerainty, he is striking at the shadow of a name. He wishes to appear somewhat bolder than he really is. He would give the impression that he is throwing off all British control. In reality he is only quarrelling with the popular name by which that control is designated. A direct attack on the Convention of 1884 is more than he dare venture on. What he is aiming at is to undermine it by insinuation, to make the world, and especially Germany, believe that the essence of the convention is wrapped up in the word suzerainty, and that by repudiating the suzerainty he is also, by implication, repudiating the convention. It is a clever move, quite worthy of the astute old gentleman's past. If Mr. CHAMBERLAIN rushes to the defence of the suzerainty, as he is not at all unlikely to do, he will have a hard time proving his case. If he consents to forego the magic word, it will seem as though Great Britain had given up something worth keeping. Not for the first time in his long duel with the President has the lively Colonial Secretary found himself in a tight corner.

Apart from this personal interest, it seems a pity the matter was brought up. It is a side issue, the discussion of which will arouse considerable passion, while its settlement will bring no real benefit to either party. Great Britain is resolved to maintain the Convention of 1884 in its entirety. As the paramount power in South Africa, with possessions that girdle the Transvaal on the north, west, and southeast, she cannot permit any foreign nation to intrigue with the republic against her interests. In the internal policy of the state, except so far as it constitutes a breach of the convention or seriously affects British subjects, she is pledged not to interfere. But on foreign affairs she rightly claims the sole and final word, and the Boers seem incapable of realizing this without some palpable proof. They have violated the convention too often and too long to believe in it very seriously, and the true position of affairs will be anything but welcome when it is at last perceived. A revolution in the Transvaal is one of the certainties of the future. The men who pay nineteen-twentieths of the taxes and own half the land cannot be kept out of the franchise forever. Everybody hopes that the change will come peaceably, through the quiet influence of time and education. But each question that is needlessly stirred up makes an amicable solution more difficult.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

Thursday, May 26.—Major-General Shafter, commanding the Fifth Army Corps, issued a general order completing the formation of all regular and volunteer troops massed in Florida into corps, divisions, and brigades. The Fifth Corps is, with the exception of the Seventy-first New York and Second Massachusetts, composed of regulars, and it includes the cavalry division (the First and Tenth regiments at Lakeland, and the Third, Sixth, and Ninth at Tampa) under command of Major-General Joseph Wheeler; the artillery brigade, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel W. F. Randolph, and the signal corps—in all, nearly 18,000 men. The Seventh Corps, under command of Major-General Fitzhugh Lee, embraces the volunteer troops at Tampa—five regiments—and the troops at Jacksonville, or between 8000 and 9000 men.

Friday, May 27.—The volunteer army at Chickamauga numbers about 45,000 men.

Saturday, May 28.—A successful attack by 300 cavalry and 500 infantry, commanded by the Cuban General Carillo, was made on the town of Remedios, in Santa Clara Province. The object of the attack was the capture of provisions sent to that point for the use of Spanish troops.

The Navy Department made public this despatch from Admiral Dewey, which is dated Cavité, May 25, *via* Hongkong, May 27: "No change in the situation. The blockade is effective. It is impossible for the people of Manila to buy provisions, except rice. The captain of the *Olympia* (Gridley) condemned by medical survey. Is ordered home. Leaves by Occidental and Oriental steamship from Hong-kong the 28th. Commander Lamberton appointed commander of the *Olympia*."

Sunday, May 29.—Señor Leon y Castillo, after conferences with the Queen Regent and the new Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs at Madrid, returned to Paris.

Night attack of the torpedo-boat destroyers *Pluton* and *Furor* repulsed by Commodore Schley's squadron off Santiago de Cuba.

Orders have been sent to Major-General Shafter at Tampa to embark the greater portion of his corps on board the transports gathered at that place.

Monday, May 30.—A despatch from Commodore Schley was received at the Navy Department at 12.30 o'clock this morning, stating that he had seen and recognized vessels of the Spanish fleet in the Bay of Santiago de Cuba.

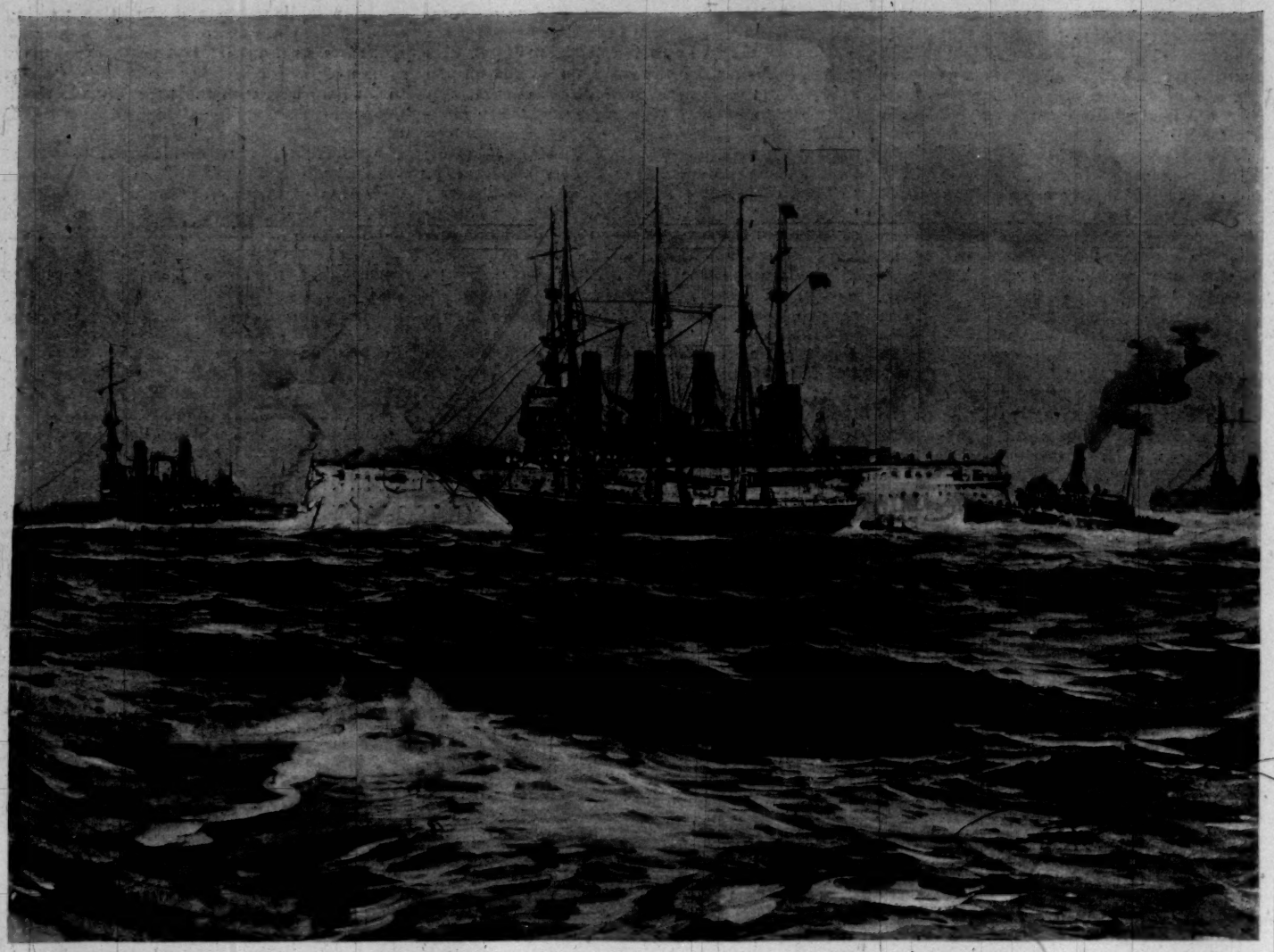
General Merritt took command of all the troops destined for the Philippines. An order was prepared, by the direction of President McKinley, adding 8000 men to the Department of the Pacific, thus increasing General Merritt's force to 20,000 men.

Major-General Nelson A. Miles, commanding the United States army, accompanied by his personal and official staff, left Washington to-night for Tampa. It is understood that his present trip is for purposes of inspection, and that he will not personally take the field at once.

Tuesday, May 31.—The steamer *Florida* returned to Key West from Cuba, having successfully landed 380 Cuban volunteers, with large supplies of guns and ammunition, on the southern coast, in the province of Santiago.

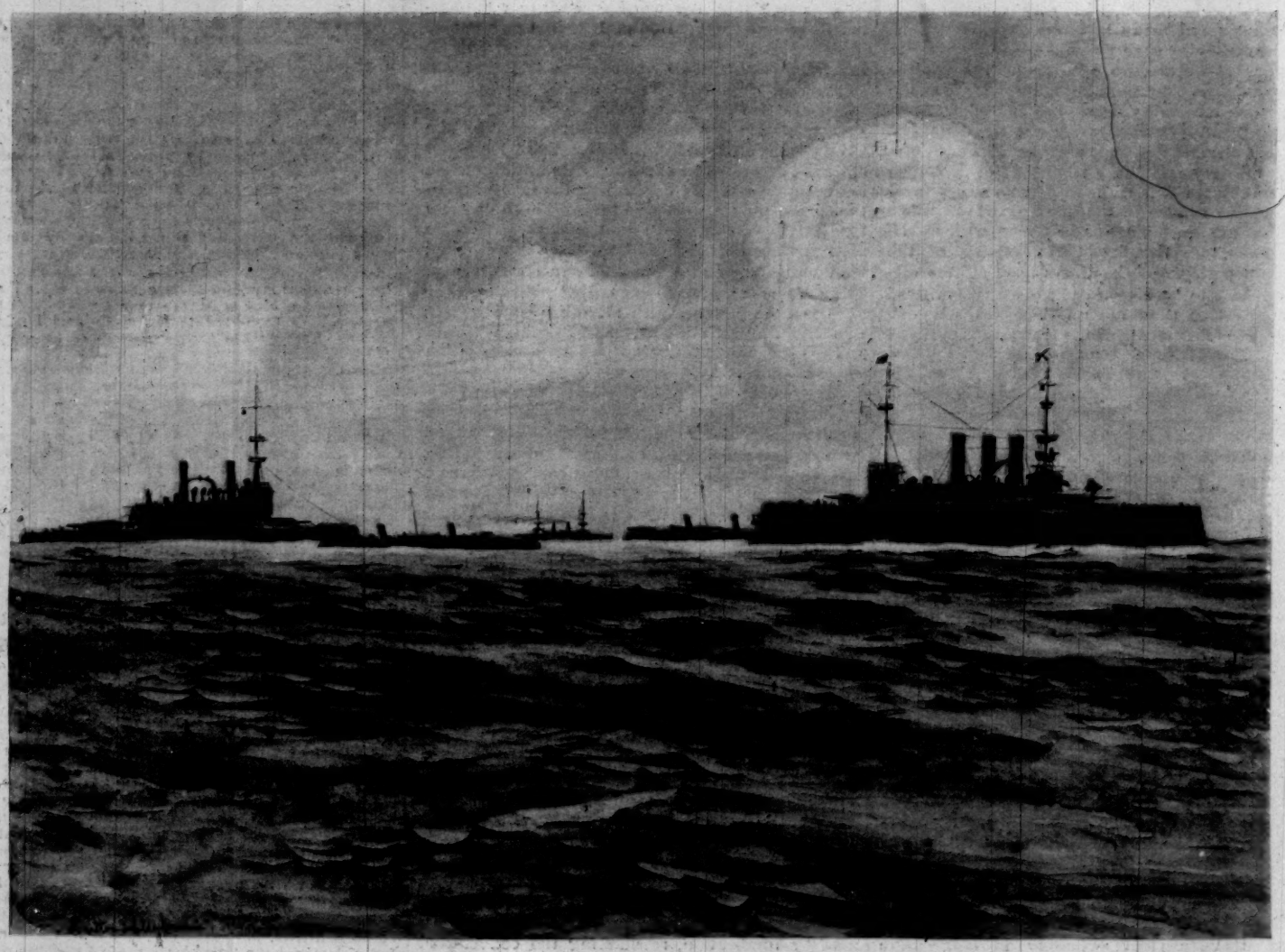
Three vessels of Commodore Schley's squadron, the *Massachusetts*, *Iowa*, and *New Orleans*, open fire on the fortifications at the mouth of the harbor of Santiago de Cuba and the *Cristobal Colon*, flag-ship of Admiral Cervera's squadron. The first shot was fired by the *Massachusetts* at 1.50 o'clock, and the last by the *New Orleans* at 2.25. The two batteries on the eastern side of the harbor were silenced, as was also one on an island in the centre; the *Colon*, however, and a battery on the western shore kept up a weak and badly directed fire for perhaps a quarter of an hour longer. Commodore Schley knew that several additional masked batteries had been constructed, and it was to ascertain the precise location and strength of these before the arrival of Sampson's fleet that the attack was planned. Our vessels, having in half an hour thoroughly done the work in hand—having drawn the fire of the batteries, put three of them out of action, and badly damaged the Spanish admiral's flag-ship—obeyed the signal to cease firing. They had received no injury whatever from the enemy.

(Continued on page 575.)



COALING THE "NEW YORK" AT SEA, OFF KEY WEST.

Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly," with Admiral Sampson's Fleet.—[See Page 578.]



THE FIGHTING-SHIPS "INDIANA" AND "NEW YORK" FLANKED AND GUARDED BY TORPEDO-BOATS AND CRUISERS.

Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly," with Admiral Sampson's Fleet.—[See Page 578.]

"Newport." "Annapolis." "Wilmington." "Indiana." "Miantonomoh." "Foote." "New York."

UNITED STATES WAR-SHIPS IN A BLOW—SQUALLY WEATHER OFF THE CUBAN COAST.

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY," WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.—[SEE PAGE 578.]

"Reina Mercedes."

THE CUSTOM-HOUSE—SPANISH WAR-SHIP "REINA MERCEDES" ON THE RIGHT.

A REVIEW OF SPANISH TROOPS ABOUT TO LEAVE FOR THE INTERIOR.

IN SANTIAGO DE CUBA—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN SINCE THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR.

OUR GREATEST NEED.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Tampa, *June 3, 1898.*

If Havana were to capitulate to-morrow and not another shot were fired in Cuban waters or in the Far East, yet would the experience of the present campaign and the lessons of it amply repay us. It is not often one may acquire lessons at once so practical, so invaluable, at a cost so comparatively small.

The first lesson, perhaps the one least expected, teaches the advisability, the need, in fact, of reorganizing our National Guard. Whenever an attempt has been made to increase our regular army, opposing Congressmen have pointed to the 125,000 members of the National Guard as a standing army that filled all the requirements of this country, and was inexpensive. So long as the National Guardsman's most serious call was occasional firing over the heads of strikers, no opportunity offered to bring Congress face to face with actualities.

The opportunity did come, however, six weeks ago, and with it accumulative evidence of Congressional superficiality or indifference.

Had it been considered desirable to move the troops on to Cuba within three weeks after the first call for volunteers, it would have been utterly impossible to do so, not from a lack of numbers or want of rations, but because a considerable percentage of the volunteers were insufficiently equipped. Regiments were mustered into service and sent into camp without wagons, without uniforms, without even guns or blankets. Some excuse may be found for the absence of uniforms on volunteers with no regimental affiliations, but the absence of guns and blankets, while the armories held them in abundant quantities, certainly suggests the need of a new order of things. If the National Guard of America is to become the practical, efficient body its orators have asserted it to be, several things must happen after we get this war off our hands and have time to take up the matter:

1. The uniform of the privates must be that of the regular army, so that when called into service by the national government it will not be necessary to wait two or three weeks while uniforms are manufactured.

2. The guns must be of the model adopted by the regular army, so that complete co-operation with regulars will be possible; to-day we have regulars using a small-calibre, high-powered rifle, that is effective at two thousand yards, while the great majority of volunteers have the Springfield rifle of .45 calibre, which is useless beyond eight hundred yards. In other words, the two guns necessitate different tactics, formations, etc.

3. Regiments should be kept up to a campaigning basis, with tents, wagons, and all the needed munitions for actual service. Not a regiment came here with wagons; some had no cartridge-belts!

4. Greater care taken in enlisting men. The fact that the United States mustering officer in New York State had to examine 17,000 men (mostly all National Guardsmen) to get 12,000 fit for service seems to indicate that my comment is not amiss.

If our National Guard is to be a really dependable body for other work than Decoration-day parading along with the G. A. R., reorganization is imperative.

The second great lesson which mediæval Spain has been the indirect means of teaching us is the need of manufacturing establishments attending solely to army supplies. The difficulties which have faced the War Department in getting sufficient supplies and ammunition to the front would have been positively fatal had our antagonist been a power that could have moved quickly and aggressively, requiring us to meet it without delay. The penny-wise, pound-foolish policy of our Congress would have put us for a time actually at the mercy of any first-rate power.

Take, for instance, ammunition. I am sure the average American will be dumfounded to learn that this great country has but one small government manufactory of cartridges. For years the army board has been endeavoring to get additional facilities and extra machinery to be ready for some such emergency as has now overtaken us, and for years the request or bill has been defeated in Congress. The reason our army took so long getting ready for war is not to be attributed to inefficiency of officers or of troops, but because the short-sighted, indifferent policy of Congress had put the army in a condition so impoverished that even the most insignificant country on earth would be ashamed to have disclosed it. Absolutely no reserve supply has been permitted the army at any time, and when war against Spain was declared, no country was ever less prepared. Taking all these well-established facts into consideration, the accomplishments of the last four weeks must be viewed as praiseworthy and extraordinary. I have taken up this subject for the benefit of those who criticise without knowing whereof they speak. We are spending tens of thousands to-day, whereas we should have been spending thousands had the attitude of Congress toward our army and navy been different. Meanwhile the pension list shows no appreciable lessening.

At last there are indications of an early movement of the troops on to Cuba—or at least Spanish soil in the West Indies. Some of the New York dailies have had us embarking since last Tuesday; but although the transports are being loaded and some of the regiments preparing to go aboard, the only definite orders given thus far instruct officers to hold their commands in readiness for immediate departure. What I shall have to say on the subject must be incomplete as to details, by order of the censor; but, unless the unforeseen happens, about eighteen thousand troops will be leaving Tampa next Tuesday, June 7, or thereabouts. This force will include all the regular infantry, and the Second Massachusetts and Seventy-first New York Volunteers, about two-thirds of the cavalry (dismounted), and about one-fourth of the light artillery, and a part of the siege train. Where we are going not a soul here knows, outside of General Miles, who arrived yesterday with his staff, and the commanding officers.

We can send at least 20,000 well-equipped, well-armed, and thoroughly provisioned troops from here now; and while they are not enough to take Havana, perhaps, they are more than enough to begin the forward movement either by taking Porto Rico or Santiago, or both. Indeed, the plan may be to take Santiago after having captured Porto Rico and left sufficient force to hold it; although if Commodore Schley has defeated Cervera, as rumor says, there would seem to be no necessity of going to Santiago.

At all events, the plan of movement is a good one, as it will result in establishing ourselves in the Spanish West Indies and giving the remaining volunteer forces time for drill and thorough equipment. If we start about June 7, we shall reach Porto Rico about June 17, and perhaps be ready for the move on to Havana August 1. It should take a month to establish order at Porto Rico or Santiago sufficiently for half the force to return and meet the oncoming army of invasion.

There are equally good reasons, from a military or naval strategic view-point, in occupying Porto Rico and Santiago. It will certainly cut off Spain's base of supplies, it will weaken the work of that reserve fleet with which Spain is threatening us, and it will assure us a port of great value now and in the future, when we stand as sponsor for Cuba.

Apart from the activity created by orders to be in readiness, there has been considerable movement here in the past week. Recruits continue to arrive, the cavalry has raised its troops from 60 to 75 men each, and the artillery has added one more gun to each battery. Within two weeks another gun will be added, and the complement of 6 guns and 140 men to each battery obtained. The siege train is being got ready, and will also be complete within two weeks, if not sooner. But for the need of Manila, both the light artillery and siege-gun train would have been on its recently advanced war footing several weeks ago.

Lieutenant-Colonel Dorst has just returned from his latest expedition to Cuba, and this time he successfully landed about 300 Cubans, 7000 Springfield rifles, and 1,000,000 rounds of ammunition, besides stores, mules, etc. The landing was wisely made at Port Banas, which is in the far eastern part of the island, where the insurgents are in force, and where landing is a very simple matter.

A Cuban who came here recently from Havana reports the Spaniards have six months' supplies, and are busily strengthening all the fortifications. The town is practically intrenched, all the stone walls have been given a topping of sand, and barbed wire has been stretched in every conceivable place outside and around the city. The Cuban's estimate of the Spaniards is 140,000, and of the insurgents 15,000—very much scattered, however, and unable to concentrate more than half that number. Last year there were 25,000. Next year there will be none. They'll be free.

Caspar Whitney.

OFF FOR MANILA.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

San Francisco, *May 23.*

As I sat in front of the hotel at Fort Monroe, the telegraph-operator came across the street with this message in his hand:

"Go to Washington with all haste. Get army passes and passports, and hurry to San Francisco to go to Philippines."

Half an hour to pack up and catch a train. The first expedition was due to leave San Francisco in five days. By the closest work it could be caught. A frantic rush about the departments in Washington the next morning—War, Navy, and State—and then across the continent.

How peaceful it was at the start! As we whizzed through the little stations the farmers were bringing in their milk-cans, just as if no guns were waiting to roar about Cuba and no soldiers were getting in shape to sail for Manila. Market-gardeners with crates of berries and garden-truck were loading up the platforms here and there as we shot along. Rows of 'buses stood idly waiting in the sunshine at the stations where we stopped. Then the limited, and no war at all. Business men dictating business letters to the train stenographer, the last magazines, the latest novels, idle gossip about the scenery and the backward spring, and the peaceful calm over all.

Thus for a day and a night, and another day and another night, and then Omaha and soldiers and the outward and visible signs of warlike preparations again. Now straight out through Nebraska. Somewhere troops are on the move to-day for the rendezvous at San Francisco. They are going over this road, and the people are beginning to turn out to cheer them on. Here a little company with a flag. There a band of school-children with flowers. Then a whole town full of flags, and now a band. At last Grand Island and a long wait, and here the soldiers catch us—the first battalion of the First Regiment of Nebraska Volunteers. The town throbs with excitement. It pours itself into the open space about the station, and cheers itself black in the face as the troop-train rolls in. There are Grand Island boys in the blue uniformed crowd in the train, and Grand Island shouts aloud in pride. The soldiers lean out of the windows, and the Grand Island girls run along beside the cars and grasp their hands and kiss their faces and throw them flowers and give them good things to eat, and everybody is laughing and shouting and cheering in hysterical happiness. Oh, war is grand now! The boys are brave and young and sturdy and very fine in their uniforms, and all the trouble and the heart-breaking weariness and toil and the danger are far away. So it's cheer again, and laugh and shout, and one cheer more as the train pulls out, and then back home again, where the boy's room is vacant, to the long, sober, quiet realization of the side that shows no glamour.

On with the train through the night, and in the morning the flat, desolate, barren, bunch-grass country, and Cheyenne. It's very early, but the crowds are out already. The troop-train rolls in, the soldiers swarm out for a bit of a run to limber up after the cramped night in a day coach. There's hot coffee aplenty here, and more girls to kiss and give buttons to; and before there's been half a chance to go around, the bugles are singing out the "assembly," and it's rush back for your car or disgrace your regiment by being left behind.

Now the mountains and snow and cold raw wind. Up through the clear morning, over the blinding snow; clouds in that valley below us, black and sullen; but above the bright sunshine and bracing breeze. Cities, towns, and villages all left behind now—just an occasional section house, or a ranch, but at nearly every one a flag, and somebody—often only a child, but always some one—to cheer as the soldiers pass. Then Laramie, and more coffee—no, it was ordered for the third division, and we can't have it. So on to Rawlins; and here Indians have joined the crowd waiting at the station—stolid, wrinkled-faced old bucks, and squaws in gaudy blankets. Some one shoots a gun by way of making more noise than he can get out of his throat. Instantly half a hundred others follow suit, and the boys hear the first volley of the war—fired by friends. Then Rock Springs, and a holiday. Schools dismissed, shops closed, mines shut down, and children, shopkeepers, miners, and band, with all the anvils from the blacksmith shops adding their ear-cracking roar to the general din of shouts and cheers and blare of brass horns. The train rolls in to the accompaniment of the E-flat tuba, booming out above all the frightful racket a steadfast and undisturbed bass to "The Star-spangled Banner." Purple-faced from his exertion, with eyes starting out of their sockets, but with triumphant determination in his soul, the E-flat tuba bellowed away, the conquering hero of that chaos of sound.

Then Green River and supper, and a chance to fall in by platoons and run, about for ten minutes to warm up and stir the blood and ease the stiffened legs. And then night again. But no let up to the noisy welcome. It remains for Evanston to fit the capstone to the riot-making by turning loose a fiendish chorus of steam-whistles at midnight, and adding their dreadful din to the wild tumult of cheers and horns that wake the tired soldiers and keep their eyes open hours after Evanston was miles behind. That was the climax of the noise-makers' art. The fondest dreams of Halloween or Fourth of July night never stirred the breast of any boy with thought of such noise as Evanston called a welcome to sleepy soldiers. When Evanston enlists and travels through Nebraska, there are a lot of towns that will get sweet revenge.

Day again, and the Nevada desert. Providence had been good to the boys, and rain that fell in sheets kept down the dust that usually makes travel across the desert so uncomfortable. But big towns and little towns, villages, and solitary houses turned out to cheer. One more night, and then California. And if the other States had welcomed the Nebraska soldiers, what of California? It was holiday all along the road. Women and children swarmed about the train at every stop, and while the men and boys split their throats the women and girls scattered flowers and fruit among the soldiers. It was a procession of triumph clear to their camp out back of San Francisco, not the least part of which was the march up through the streets of that city.

But it was not until to-day that San Francisco turned out in force. This morning the First California Volunteers marched from their camp at the Presidio to the mail dock and boarded the transport *City of Peking*. They started out in heavy marching order—blankets, knapsacks, and all on their backs—forty pounds or more to the man. It was a long tramp over wretched cobblestone pavements, and the last two miles of it was not a march in company formation, but a single-handed fight through a mob. They started at seven o'clock, and it was noon when they reached the shelter of the pier shed. The police were utterly powerless to clear the streets. Mounted men cleared a path no longer than their horses. On the instant as they passed, the crowds that filled the streets swarmed back across the path of the soldiers.

It was a glorious day. The sun rode through a sky of unspotted blue, and a fresh breeze from the west cracked the myriad banners that floated from the house-tops like whips. Scarcely a window along the line that did not show at least one flag. The crowds in the street bore flowers by the armful—wreaths of great long-stemmed American Beauties, sweet-pease, carnations, violets, pansies, geraniums—blossoms of all the thousand kinds that teem in the Golden State. They threw them at the men and over their necks, hung them on their shoulders, piled them on their knapsacks, tossed them over their guns, and for want of other ways of demonstration, threw them on the ground for a carpet for the soldiers. Thousands of small flags added to the brilliancy of color. They were pinned to the soldiers' hats, stuck in their rifle-barrels, jammed into their knapsacks or blanket-rolls—any place where they would stick. So the First California marched away, the first United States soldiers to make attack on a foreign land oversea.

Only two tunes marked the departure. The bands that marched with the regiment played one of them. Over and over again they played it, and always the same—"The girl I left behind me." And all along the line the crowd responded in a booming chorus of

> John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
> And his soul goes marching on.

So down to the pier. And then form up again out of the straggling mass, surrounded by and mixed up with friends. Now good-bys are over. The trooper is just ahead. Make-believe is ended, war begins.

> Wheel! Oh, keep your touch; we're goin' round a corner.
> Time! Mark time, an' let the men be'ind us close.
> Lord! the transport's full, an' 'alf our lot not on 'er—
> Cheer, oh, cheer! We're going off where no one knows.
>
> Front! The faces of the women in the 'ouses
> Ain't the sort o' things to take aboard the ship.

Oscar King Davis.

San Francisco, *May 26.*

P. S.—More impressive than the great spectacle of General Grant's return from the Orient was the farewell which San Francisco gave to the first Philippine expedition yesterday. The bay was alive with steamers, tugs, yachts, launches, and row-boats, and when the three great steamers weighed anchor and moved down the bay and out toward the Golden Gate, the sight was one long to be remembered. Hundreds of whistles sounded their shrill note, cannon boomed, and cheers of thousands on the water and on neighboring hills almost drowned other sounds of God-speed and good-by. The *City of Peking* sailed first; behind her came the *Australia* and the *City of Sydney*. Only a few minutes were required to bring the steamships out opposite the Presidio. Then against the rays of the setting sun they showed out as clear as an etching, every rope and spar fine and sharp, as their prows were pointed due west over the ocean that a Spaniard was first to see from the heights of Darien.

G. H. F.

THIS BUSY WORLD

THE President has been severely criticised and censured for giving commissions [illegible] appointments to certain sons of distinguished [illegible] and other gentlemen of no military experience. Some appointments of this sort, induced by political influence, have no doubt been bad, yet they seem in number and importance hardly to warrant the hue-and-cry that has been raised over them. Mr. Russell Harrison, Mr. James G. Blaine, Jr., and Mr. John Logan may not have demonstrated as yet that they are men of exceptional personal merit, but they won't swamp an army as big as ours. Mr. J. J. Astor's appointment has been criticised, but there are good grounds for considering it wise, and fully warranted by circumstances. A good many ornamental young men, whose interests heretofore have been mainly in society and sport, have got commissions, but the majority of these young fellows seem likely to make useful officers. Where so many appointments were to be made, and so much political influence was at work in connection with them, it was not to be expected that all would be faultless. The more important ones have been good, and of the less important a very large majority seem to have been suitable. That the President should have done much better was not within the bounds of a reasonable expectation.

It will take Admiral Dewey the rest of his life to catch up with his own reputation and inform himself of what has come to be known about him at home since that May morning when he became famous before breakfast. Every possible theory about his ancestry, habits, and state of mind seems to have been offered during the past month to the acceptance of his countrymen. His religious preferences, for one thing, have been the subject of several dissertations and ingenious hypotheses. It has been averred that his mother was a Jewess, and that the best materials in him were Jewish. It has also been confidently asserted that he is a Roman Catholic. The Buffalo *Commercial* has printed a letter which seems conclusive as to his religious affiliations. It is from Mr. Lewis, rector of Christ Church in Montpelier, Vermont, who says he is authorized by the Hon. Charles Dewey, of Montpelier, to say that the Admiral is a loyal communicant of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

The Admiral's politics have been as much discussed as his religion, with the result of a failure to discover that he has any politics. But, after all, if he doesn't know whether he is a Democrat or a Republican, he is no worse off than many thousands of his countrymen ashore.

The Fourteenth Congressional District of New York talks of running Colonel Theodore Roosevelt for Congress. Just at present Colonel Roosevelt is a good deal occupied, but there is a fair prospect that he will be at leisure again before next March, and then we shall be delighted to see him in Congress. There is room there for honest, intelligent, educated men of all shades of opinion, albeit a man of Colonel Roosevelt's impetuosity might find Congressional discussions a trial to his patience.

On May 31 Professor Charles Eliot Norton delivered his last lecture as an active professor in Harvard College. He has been made professor emeritus, and will still continue some of his smaller advanced courses, but his courses on the history of art, which have been the most popular and best attended of all the Harvard "electives," will hereafter be undertaken by others. It is pleasant to read in the Boston *Transcript* of the expressions of respect and affection which marked Professor Norton's appearance on May 31 at his closing lecture. A huge bunch of roses, provided by a general subscription, awaited him on his desk, and long continued applause from the waiting students as he came in testified to the warmth of a regard earned by forty years of service. Perhaps no one man who has served Harvard College has done so much for the promotion of culture and good manners as Professor Norton. In his case example has effectively supplemented precept, and the homely "handsome is that handsome does" has always had its due weight in his expositions of the qualities of the true, the beautiful, and the good. He is almost the last of that circle of friends which included Lowell and Curtis, and whose members lived in an enviable intimacy, of which there is more than one lasting token in American literature.

Professor Norton's views of our present war have been quoted, and doubtless misquoted, and anathematized a good deal in the last two months. It is interesting to find the *Transcript* representing him as saying that while he believes with Franklin that there never was a "good" war, it is everybody's duty to support the government, so that this present war may be finished as soon as possible.

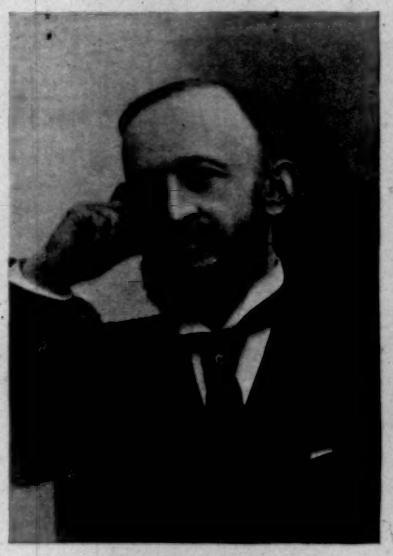
On the 1st of June it was the opinion of men who thought they knew, that Mr. Joseph Leiter had found a profit of about $4,000,000 in his hypotheses about the price of May wheat. Mr. Leiter's more urgent labors as a forecaster of grain values seem to be over for the present, though as to that it is easier to surmise than to be sure. It may be presumed that he has had an interesting experience. It does not signify especially what his profits have been, as he already commanded an elegant sufficiency of funds, but besides making a fortune—if he has made one—he has achieved an ample celebrity. Wherever he goes he may be sure for a time to be pointed at with the finger. He is a greater man than William Hearst, almost as great a man as Robert Fitzsimmons. If he and Admiral Dewey were dining at the same restaurant, or on exhibition on the same platform, the spectators would look at both of them. That, of course, is much to say, since any man who aspires to divide attention with Admiral Dewey nowadays must be a notable of heroic proportions.

On the whole, most men find a reasonable notoriety rather agreeable. When you are presented to a stranger it saves time and trouble not to have to have it explained who you are, and what excuse you have been able to make for being alive. Mr. Joseph Leiter may presently put his profits back where he got them, but even if he keeps quiet from this time forward, which isn't likely, it will take him a long time to outlive the advertising that he has had and the celebrity that is his.

We have had so much to think of of late that the fact has been almost overlooked that Dr. George H. Hepworth, who lately went to Armenia to make a personal inspection of conditions there, brought back word that there was no future for Armenia unless something happened to drive the Turks out of Europe. Discoursing the other day before the Baptist Social Union in New York, Dr. Hepworth declared that the Turks were 3000 years behind the times, and were so unalterably opposed to the progress of civilization that if the Sultan tried to put into operation the reforms he had promised the powers, he would be assassinated within a fortnight. Inasmuch as the impression was somewhat prevalent that the purpose of Dr. Hepworth's journey was to give us a more favorable impression of the Turk than we had before, his conclusions seem somewhat notable. The only comfort he gives the partisans of Turkey appears in the suggestion that the powers were somewhat to blame for the tumults in the Turkish Empire, because the Armenians have believed that if they made uprisings the powers would come to their relief.

Assurance is given, though details at this writing are not fully disclosed, that the Lowell Memorial Fund was completed before June 1, and that the Memorial Park is assured. The amount that had to be raised by subscription was $23,333, the $11,667 needed to make up the required sum of $35,000 being provided by the Metropolitan Park Commission of Boston, which now takes the Memorial Park under its care, as part of the Boston park system. The money came slowly. It is nearly two years since the attempt to raise it began, and the committee in charge is doubtless gratified and relieved to see its labors brought to a successful conclusion.

The Presbyterian Church seems not disposed for the moment to prosecute any further its differences with Princeton University. At the session of the General Assembly, on May 27, at Winona, Indiana, a recommendation



OSCAR S. STRAUS,
United States Minister to Turkey.—[See Page 568.]

specifically assailing the Princeton Inn was voted down, the Assembly contenting itself with a moderate resolution calling upon "all parents and teachers to exercise increased diligence and watchfulness over themselves and those committed to their care in respect to intemperance, in order that our homes and schools may be purged of the evil of intemperance and the drink traffic be driven from our land, and this without reflection on any collegiate institution."

The General Assembly also shows itself peacefully disposed towards Professor McGiffert, whose reputed heresies, as set forth in a recent book, it declines to stamp out by immediate formal action, contenting itself with a request to the professor that if he cannot reconsider his views he will withdraw from the denomination.

The London *Telegraph* lately devoted a column of editorial discourse to a suggestion of Mr. James Bryce that the British public wants cheaper books, and that if the publishers would supply that want the habit of reading books would be stimulated and the business of the publishers increased. Mr. Bryce's idea seems to have been that only by the cheapening of books was it possible to meet the formidable competition of the magazines and newspapers. The *Telegraph* is by no means ready to admit the expediency or effectuality of this method of cure. As to British readers, it says that "while a leisurely and contented class who buy books has not increased in number, the large chaotic and indeterminate class bred by the board schools and taught to read by expeditious methods have practically decided that they do not want books." It finds that the number of British readers who read literary work is relatively small, and that the great mass of the reading population is quite content with sixpenny magazines and newspapers. It notes the familiar fact that the circulating libraries are the mainstay of the British publishers of good books, and it doubts if the sale of such books could be materially increased by lowering the price of them. Obstacles to reduction of price it finds in many considerations that the publishers have to regard, and in particular in the cost of advertising and the large royalties paid to successful authors. Then even in the case of novels, the trade in which constitutes the most important part of the book business, the publisher has no assurance that a reduction of price will be followed by a proportionate increase of distribution. If you appeal to a particular class, says the *Telegraph*, it is always doubtful whether you will widen your appeal by lowering your price. Many and many a book has sold fairly well for twelve shillings and not a whit better for being reduced to five or six shillings.

Book reading, it adds, is subject nowadays to the competition of a much greater variety of entertainments than in earlier times. Theatres, concerts, and lectures abound more than of yore. Ay, and so do bicycles and all sorts of out-door sports, but yet the great competitors of books seem to be the newspapers and the periodicals.

It is not held that the demand for books is falling off, but only, apparently, that it does not increase in proportion to the increased number of readers. It seems to be the *Telegraph's* opinion that that desired increase may not be trusted to follow a reduction in the price of new books, and that it is by no means clear that a lowering of prices is the publishers' best policy.

Fifteen novels, all but one of recent date, afford the Edinburgh *Review* the materials for eighteen pages of discourse about "Novels of American Life." The list is headed by *Democracy*, which appeared sixteen years ago, and it includes Miss Wilkins's *Pembroke*, Harold Frederic's *Theron Ware*, Gertrude Atherton's *Patience Sparhawk*, Henry B. Fuller's *With the Procession*, James Lane Allen's *The Choir Invisible*, three books by Stephen Crane, *Gallegher* by R. H. Davis, and stories by F. J. Stimson, Alice Brown, Clinton Ross, and C. G. D. Roberts. The writers of all these books the *Review* classes as realists not bent on narrating incident, but given to the portraiture of character as it is discovered in the more trivial domestic events and emotions. It thinks that no country in the world's history ever offered a better chance than ours does for the portrayal not merely of the individual character, but of the character of communities. It finds here an extraordinary concentration of intelligence upon this task, and taking the writers noted as representative laborers in this field, it considers how and with what results they have gone about their business. It criticises Mr. Fuller, Mr. Frederic, and Mr. Crane as writers who, either in their style or their stand-point, show signs of European influence. It gives much attention and much praise to Miss Wilkins, whose tragic narrative it follows through its direful course, albeit it observes that her stories are old-maidish in temper, and that an atmosphere of soap and water pervades her books. It traces Mr. Frederic's tragedy to the point up to which "nothing could be better done," and thence faithfully on as it becomes "on the whole the most disagreeable study we ever read, although, as regards the central figure, a masterpiece of psychology." It finds it "the strongest American novel of recent years, and the most fully representative—a great novel, though inconsistent in the presentment of the principal woman's character; but not a book that is good reading for the average ignorant young man or young woman." It devotes two pages to Mrs. Atherton, "not only because she has been a success with some educated people, but because she presents in a kind of caricature the same tendencies in American nature which other novelists indicate in less glowing colors." Mr. Allen's *Choir Invisible* it describes as "a beautiful work," and commends as "a real effort of the creative imagination, and a real addition to the literature of its country." It says of Mr. Crane that he sees what he sees not directly, but, as it were, translated into print, but it has good hopes of him, because he has talent and is still young. The other books it regards in a group, but they help it to the conclusion that—

> Altogether the school of American novelists actually existing is rich in widely varied excellence of manner and widely varied range of interest. It is essentially conscientious in its workmanship, and serious, even scientific, in aim; upon the whole, a body of literature which is not marked out by any commanding achievement, but which, by its high average of power and vitality, might do honor to any age and any country.

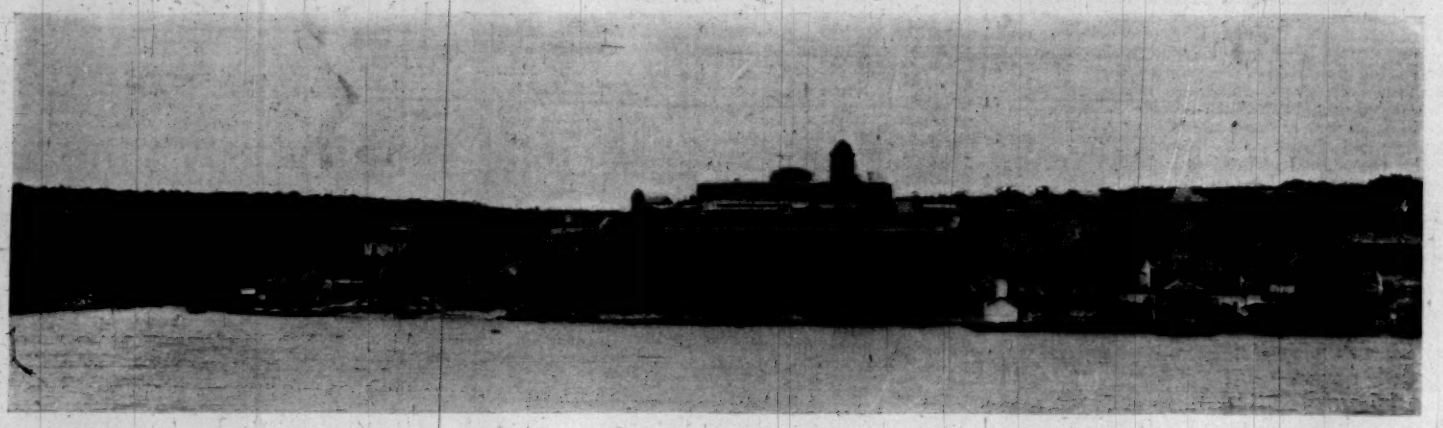
The story that hardtack stamped "Remember the *Maine!*" has been part of the daily food of our sailors and soldiers is denied as a yarn born during the news famine. Whether true or not, it lasted long enough to inspire a formal remonstrance, addressed to Secretary Long by sundry bodies of Boston, against everything that tended to make a war undertaken for the relief of the oppressed appear to be a war of vengeance. Undoubtedly there is a great deal of the "Remember-the-*Maine*" spirit in the navy, nor does it seem likely to do harm there.

The appearance of the new trans-Mississippi postage-stamps was due on June 1, and before now they will have begun to be familiar in the more important postal centres. They advertise a great show, to which we all wish the highest success, and which seems likely just now to need all the advertising and good wishes and more substantial support that it can get. For it seems unlucky for the Omaha Fair that it has fallen upon war times, when every one's thoughts are running to matters military and naval, and when all eyes are on our camps and the movements of troops, and all ears are cocked for news of naval victories. Yet that may only be an apparent drawback to the fair's success, for, after all, it is a far cry from any of our scenes of war to Omaha, and no part of our country is as yet noticeably drained either of men or money. Perhaps the fair will be a Western centre of war news and war interests, and folks will go there all the more because they want in these stirring times to get together and talk over the country's prospects.

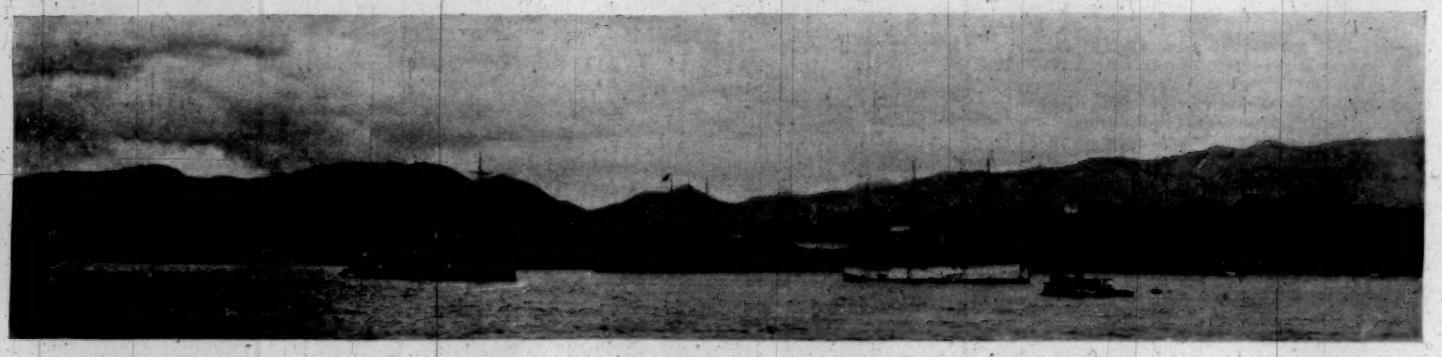
At any rate, the exposition opened bravely on June 1 with a parade three miles long, and with beautiful buildings crowded with exhibits. President McKinley, from Washington, addressed an assembly by long-distance telephone, and touched a button that set the machinery in motion, and a hundred thousand people took part in the opening. Pictures of the buildings have already been given in the WEEKLY, and everybody knows that in character and material they resemble the palaces of the White City of 1893. We shall all know them more intimately presently, either from seeing them or reading about them; for the fair will last long enough for all of us to know its features well, war or no war. Indeed, it may outlast the war, and very likely it will, and find its profit in celebrations of the return of peace.

E. S. MARTIN.

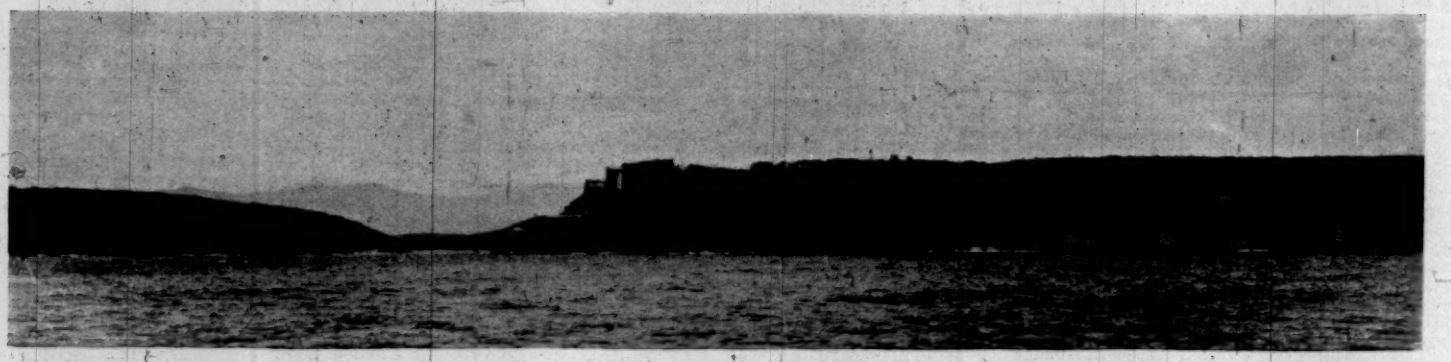
CIENFUEGOS, FROM THE HARBOR.



THE CASTLE AT CIENFUEGOS.



SANTIAGO, FROM THE HARBOR.



SANTIAGO'S MORRO CASTLE AT THE HARBOR ENTRANCE.

SPANISH INTRENCHMENTS ON PLANTATION "SOLEDAD," GUANTANAMO.

SPANISH STRONGHOLDS IN SOUTHEASTERN CUBA.—From recent Photographs.

A YANKEE IN SPAIN.

V.—SMUGGLERS' CASTLES AND COAST-GUARDS.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.—ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

AT Villajoyosa I slept in a room with five images of saints on the walls. My tuneful companions were bitten in the night; I was not. Next morning I spoke of this to the host, who saw nothing strange in it—their room had no pictures of saints in it! This was a grand old tumble-down town, an ancient Moorish seaport, much like all the other little ports on this semi-African coast. I stopped to make a

THE OLD CASTLE OF DENIA.

photograph from the gigantic bridge that forms the western entrance of the place, and was at once surrounded by interested towns-people. One man evidently regarded my photographing at this point as contrary to law, and said as much to some people about him, but those nearest to me immediately took my side, and vigorously protested that I was photographing only the buildings of the town, and nothing that could do harm. This was the first occasion in Spain when any opposition appeared to my kodak. I could not discover anything more military about this place than another of the dozens of ruined castles sprinkled all along our route, and particularly along this rocky shore-line, where many of them were in use as recently as the war against Napoleon. Some even now serve as coast-guard stations. I suppose we passed on any one day of our Spanish tour more castles than are on the German stream between Bonn and Mainz.

We noticed a marked difference in the police or frontier guard the moment we touched the coast. In the interior the gendarmes were our friends, with whom we exchanged cigarettes and wine-skins, to whom we appealed for information. On the coast, however, we were met by a reserved, not to say a suspicious, manner on the part of the policemen. They are a national force, armed with rifles, and intended primarily to prevent surprise by an enemy, whether that enemy take the form of a smuggler or a cruiser with the stars and stripes at the peak.

It would be mighty hard work for a boat's crew to land anywhere along this coast without the knowledge of the coast-guard, and smuggling must be a very profitable thing, to judge by the costly arrangements involved in its discouragement. We passed the quarters of this coast-patrol at every point where a fishing-boat could possibly make a landing, and when we would be taking a walk along the shore-line, and imagine ourselves peculiarly alone, we would suddenly come upon a sentry crouching under the lee side of a rock with a rifle between his knees, watching the movement of the fishing-craft in the offing. One sentry that I stumbled upon near Cape San Martin had his little boy with him. It was a bitterly cold day, by reason of a northwester that blew down upon us from the snow mountains. The uniform of this soldier was full of holes which defied ordinary repairing. It was a threadbare, ragged garment, fit only for the paper-mill. On his head he wore the regulation hat of the Spanish infantry—a sort of stiff glazed thing, which might be useful in bailing out a canoe, but of no earthly use in cold weather as a head-dress. This day the soldier had put on a night-cap underneath his shako. On his feet he wore the moccasins common to the peasants, and for overcoat he had the raggedest sort of a horse-blanket. But for his modern breech-loading rifle and his uncomfortable glazed hat, one might have mistaken him for a mendicant to whom a discharged soldier had given a castaway uniform.

Here was a man with honesty stamped upon every inch of his meagre attire. I don't know what the government pays him for giving his life to the protection of the national treasury, but whatever the amount may be, it obviously does not suffice to give him an overcoat in winter, or even a blanket fit for a New York ash-cart. If this man chose to be dishonest, he certainly could dress warmly, and also dress his child. I had a pocketful of peanuts, and offered some to the little boy, who seized them eagerly and ate with evident satisfaction. Then we sat down to rest on a rock by his side, and offered some to the father. He declined with thanks, in a manner to show clearly that he could not afford to encourage the advances of strangers who approached him with gifts in their hands. His eyes were following intently the manœuvres of a small schooner which was standing on and off beyond the fishing-fleet, and he no doubt suspected that I was concerned in some plot to bribe him. He was a rough, simple peasant, of honest and loyal nature, who would embark for Cuba to-morrow did his duty call him. He was ill paid and ill clothed; but what of that? In his veins ran the Moorish blood of fatalism, and it would not alter his creed to see his comrades rotting like dead dogs in a cause they cared nothing about. This is the soldier of Spain with whom we must reckon when war is declared; this is the type of man that knows nothing of government machinery, and asks nothing of public sentiment. He is loyal to government, whatever form that may take, and will march against Cuba, or against men on

THE ROAD OVER THE MOUNTAIN FROM CALPE TO DENIA.

strike in the next town, or against a foreign foe, with equal enthusiasm or indifference.

That night I was dining at Denia, and at the head of the table sat a great swell, whose mustaches were evidently the result of professional treatment, whose clothes were obviously from the most fashionable tailors of Madrid. He was of that bland colorless kind that makes successful politicians and gamblers. He radiated an atmosphere of fashionable serenity and luxurious ease. The finished manner with which he sipped his black coffee and cognac, lit his cigarette, and leaned back in his chair marked him as the lounging club-man of Madrid. He was a great power in these parts; probably the most important official who ever visited so remote a place. He was no less than the custom-house inspector, on an official round to the different posts along the coast. This is the type of the smooth official who lives luxuriously while his working force are starving and freezing at their posts. This is the type of man that goes to Cuba loaded with debts and returns with a large balance at the bank. This is the man who dreads a change of government, and prefers the desperate alternative of a war with the United States rather than a reform of Cuban administration.

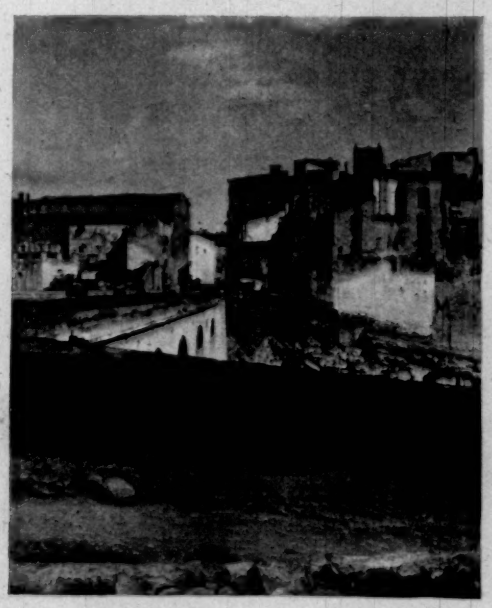
Since so many people use the word corruption in regard to Spain in a vague and rather misleading way, it may be worth while mentioning that we three, at least, were never made to feel, either at the frontiers or elsewhere, that bribery could have assisted us with minor officials, gendarmes, and the like. Of course our experience does not justify generalization, but it at least forms a unit in the basis for some one else's judgment. I have constantly heard from transatlantic travellers that the only way to get through the New York Custom House was to bribe the man who inspected your trunk. I can only reply to this that I have never done so, nor ever found that I suffered in consequence. I only once offered a present to an inspector, and he declined it. My experience may have been exceptional. I hope not.

The most complete little smuggling-port I have seen is near Denia, at a point called Agua Dulce. We climbed out to it from Denia along a rocky trail, partly amongst hills, and partly along the coast. The road was marked as a government highway. At one point our forces divided upon two roads, each insisting that he was on the

OLD AND YOUNG HAULING IN THE SEINE AT VILLAJOYOSA.

real highway. We tested the matter by continuing carefully for a few hundred yards, when I discovered that my section was the dry bed of a torrent. I returned to the others, to find that, so far as road-repairing was concerned, there was no visible difference between the conditions of the two. There was some stiff climbing up to the top of a rocky promontory, on which was a tower in good repair, though uninhabited. A large stone fronting the sea was carved with the Austrian double eagle, telling us that it must have been built in the days of Hapsburg dominion. There was no door lower than ten feet from the ground, so that those who entered had to be pulled up by ropes. It must therefore have been a difficult place to take by storm. The view up here was a grand one, including magnificent mountains at our back, and on either hand a long perspective of lofty cliffs indented by narrow little coves, where the surf of the blue Mediterranean rolled in and twisted about amongst the caves. All this was beautiful, but we were looking for something else. A path led from this deserted castle towards the sea, and down we went in thirst of discovery. It brought us out at a beautiful little cove cut off from all interference from east or west. Here were the ruins of a Moorish castle, built partly on land and partly out upon the water, so as to completely conceal and effectually protect from surprise a little harbor capable of sheltering five or six coasting-craft such as the Vikings used on their plundering voyages. In the ruins of this old castle lived a peasant with his pretty wife and four little children. The husband was away, but the wife let us inspect these curious premises, which in days gone by played an important part. The sea rolled up under the floor of their one room, which was kitchen and general quarters. A narrow winding stairway of stone—so narrow that our tenor had to draw in his breath—led to a gallery above where the walls were pierced for crossbows or musketry. Half-way up was a platform with a big round hole in it like the top of a well. Down this shaft ropes were lowered to the Mediterranean beneath, the waters of which came roaring up into this narrow spout when an east wind forced the waves against this coast. Never before had I been in a house from which the deep-sea mariner could weigh anchor with one foot in his kitchen, and to which he could return with no port dues save those of his wife's making. The revenue officials coasting outside could see nothing beyond the walls of an apparently innocent peasant's dwelling. While the coast-guard might be prowling within rifle-shot, the

(Continued on page 572.)



BRIDGE ENTRANCE TO VILLAJOYOSA,
Where I was suspected of being a Spy.

FISHING-BOATS NOW IN USE AT VILLAJOYOSA.

LIEUTENANT COUNT A. v. GOETZEN,
German Military Attaché.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL SAMUEL S. SUMNER, U.S. VOLS.,
Commanding 1st Brigade, Cavalry Division.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ADNA R. CHAFFEE, U.S. VOLS.,
Commanding 2d Division, 5th Corps.

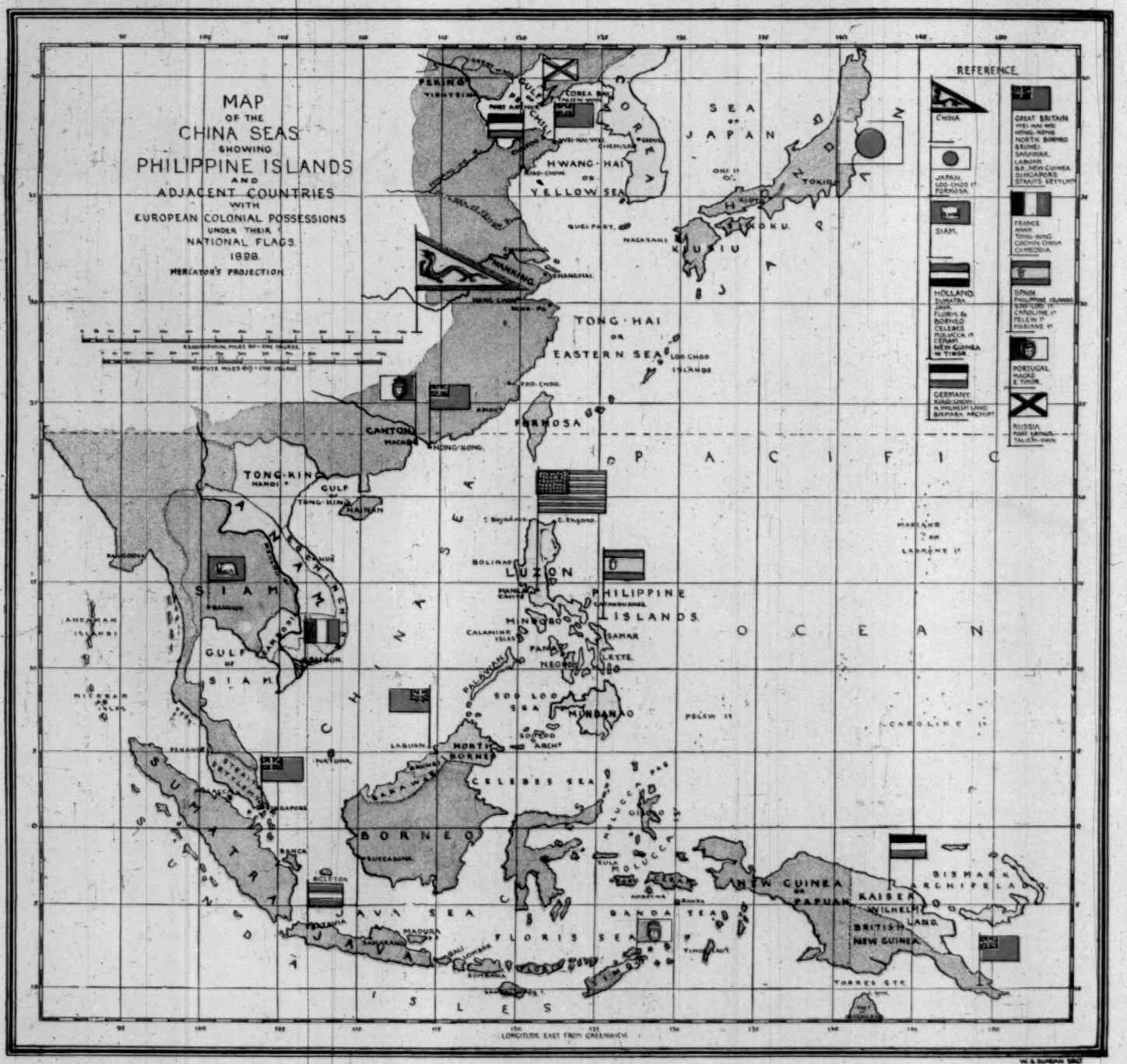
BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM LUDLOW, U.S. VOLS.,
Chief of Engineer Forces in the Field.

PROMINENT OFFICERS NOW AT TAMPA, FLORIDA.

Drawn from Life by Frederic Remington, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" at Tampa.

THE NEW CAMPAIGN UNIFORM FOR U.S. REGULARS

HEAVY ARTILLERY PRIVATE. CAVALRY LIEUTENANT & CORPORAL. INFANTRY PRIVATE. LIGHT ARTILLERY SERGEANT.



MAP
OF THE
NORTH ATLANTIC OCEAN
SHOWING
EUROPEAN COLONIAL POSSESSIONS
UNDER THEIR NATIONAL FLAGS
1898.
MERCATOR'S PROJECTION.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

ATLANTIC OCEAN

GULF OF MEXICO

CARIBBEAN SEA

AZORES

CANARY ISLES

CAPE DE VERDE ISLES.

SPAIN

PORTUGAL

BERMUDA

BAHAMAS

CUBA

JAMAICA

HONDURAS

VENEZUELA

BR. GUIANA

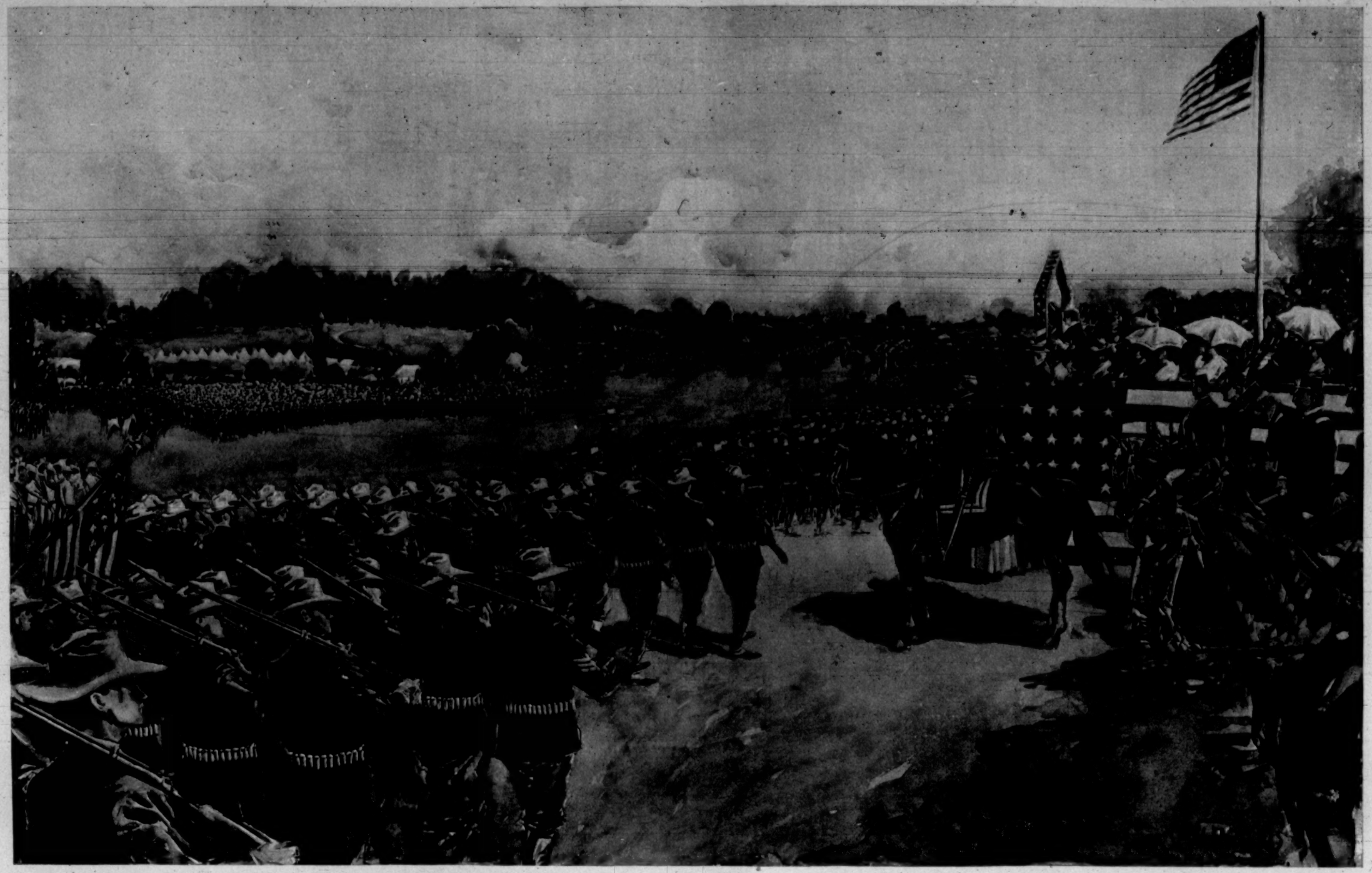
S. VINCENT TO S. THOMAS, 2300 MILES.

REFERENCE.

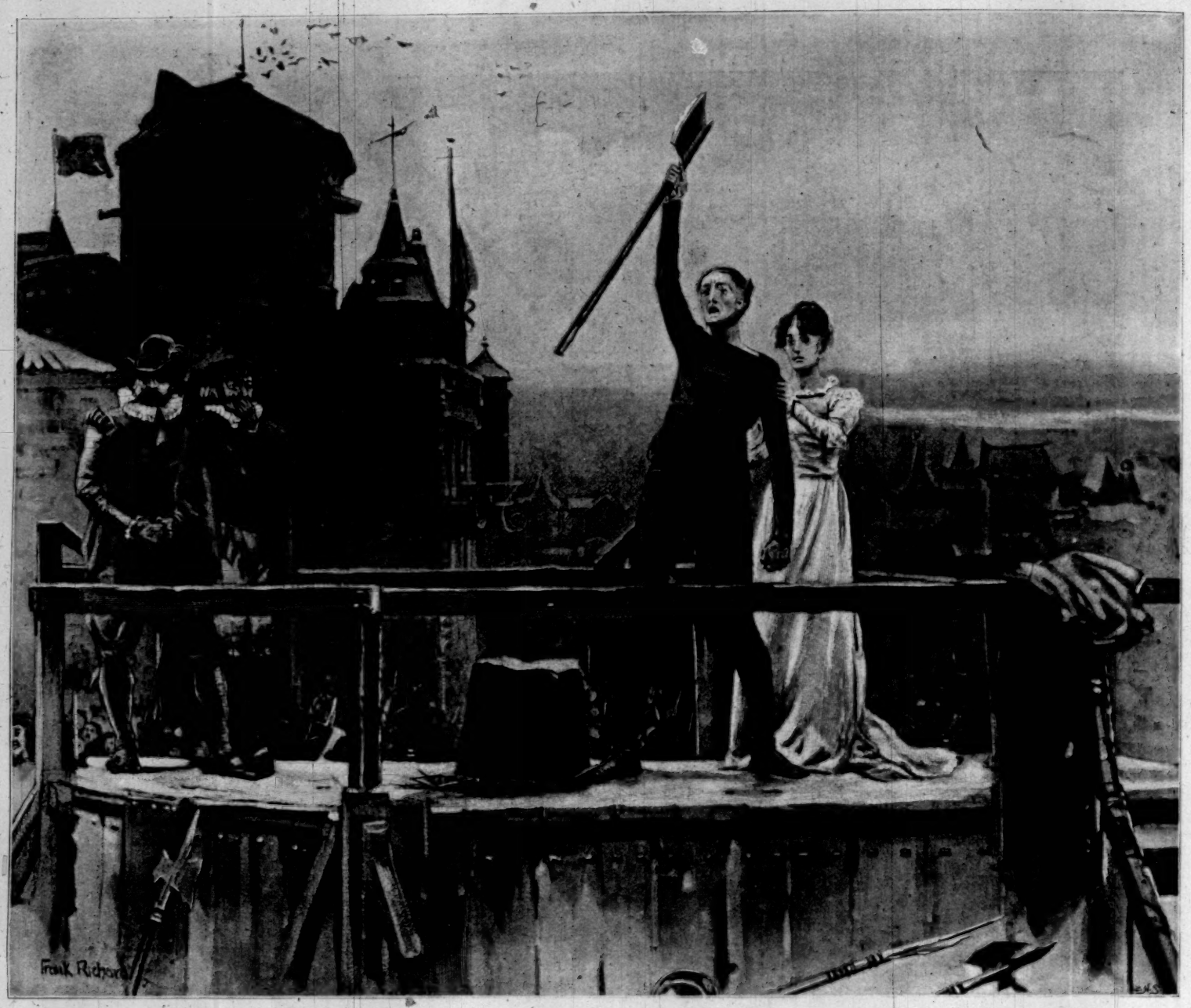
GREAT BRITAIN	SPAIN
BERMUDA, BAHAMAS, JAMAICA, ANTIGUA, S. KITTS, NEVIS, MONTSERRAT, DOMINICA, S. LUCIA, S. VINCENT, GRENADA, BARBADOS, TOBAGO, TRINIDAD.	CUBA, ISLE OF PINES, PORTO RICO, ALEGUE, CULEBRA, CANARY ISLES
	PORTUGAL
	AZORES, MADEIRA, CAPE VERDE ISLES
FRANCE	DENMARK
GUADELOUPE, GRANDE TERRE, DESIRADE, MARIE GALANTE, MARTINIQUE, S. BARTHOLEMEW, S. MARTIN.	S. THOMAS, S. JOHN, SANTA CRUZ
	HOLLAND
	CURACAO, ORABA, BUENAVRS, SABA.
REPUB. OF S. DOMINGO	
REPUB. OF HAITI	

LONGITUDE WEST FROM GREENWICH

W.B. DUNCAN DEL.



PRESIDENT McKINLEY REVIEWING THE VOLUNTEERS AT CAMP ALGER, MAY 28.
13,000 Soldiers of the 2d Army Corps march past the President and Major-General Miles at Falls Church, Virginia.



"HELENE, PRINCESS OF PLASSENBURG, WHO IS ABOUT TO DIE, IS ALSO GUILTY OF LOVING ME, HUGO GOTTFRIED!"

(*Continued from page 565.*)

smugglers might be quietly unloading their boats into the kitchen, or overhauling their gear for another expedition when darkness should have arrived. The entrance from the sea to this wonderful little place was no wider than strictly necessary for a man-o'-war's cutter, and even she would have to shorten oars and be smart with the boat-hook in twisting into this rocky little gut. Tom Sawyer would have revelled in a place like this, where he and Huck Finn might have turned into first-class pirates. George and I fancied that we could become rich beyond the dreams of avarice if we could but live here for a year or two and apply to the smuggling trade the same technical skill employed in war or other wicked occupations. For instance, we proposed, in the first place, a stock company with abundant capital to fit out three beamy yachts that could cruise about without exciting suspicion. These should relieve one another in these waters, each bearing an assorted cargo of articles suitable for smuggling. Each of these yachts should have electric launches running at least twenty knots, and these should be used in running the contraband cargo swiftly and silently into our castle kitchen. Of course it would be manifestly selfish to keep all the profits of this magnificent enterprise to ourselves, so we proposed inviting as a preferred shareholder the gorgeous custom-house inspector, whose mustachios had excited our envy. His principal duty would consist in drawing dividends. At the same time, he would be expected to remove from this neighborhood any coast-guardsman so clever or energetic as to disturb our schemes for extending the area of free trade in Spain.

My note-books tell of many interesting episodes on this eccentric trip of ours—of a long climb up into the mountains at Benisa, and our long coast down on the other side: there must have been ten miles of it; then how the mules and donkeys danced madly out of their orbits as we passed them; how some mountain villagers stoned George by mistake, thinking he was the devil; and how I came in the rear for the stones that were meant for others. All these are sweet recollections now that they have been survived. Barcelona deserves a chapter, and Consul Bowen, who expects to be mobbed one moment and smothered in kisses the next. We sang the songs of "Dear old Yale" in his room, and that did us good.

Our Spanish trip was an immense success, and I advise every American to follow our example. We had bad roads in plenty and some hardships, yet never a dull day, never a discourtesy, never a meeting that did not result in friendship. And as for our three selves, we jointly regret it was necessary to go to war with people who have treated us so well.

THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

CHAPTER LI.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE MORN.

EVEN as the dwarf on the ledge of the clock-tower creaked his wires and clicked back his hammer to strike the midnight over the city, even as the first solemn toll of the hour reverberated over the Wolfsberg, I was at the door of the Duke's room waiting for admission.

The Chamberlain in attendance looked within, and seeing his master writing at a table, he was going out again without speech.

"Has Hugo Gottfried returned?" said the Duke, without looking up.

"Hugo Gottfried is here!" I replied, stepping unannounced into the room.

He looked up without smiling, a keen inquiring glance glittering from between eyelids so close together that only the faintest line of the pupil showed black under the lashes.

"Well?" he said.

"I will do the thing you have asked," answered I.

And said no more.

The Duke instantly became restless, and getting up, he began to pace about the floor like a caged beast.

"You have seen her?" he inquired, stopping in front of me like a dog that points the game.

"I *have* seen her," I replied as simply.

"Well?" he said again, with a keen eager note of anxiety in his voice.

"I am ready to do that which you have asked."

He seemed to be on the point of asking something else. But, changing his mind, he touched a little silver bell.

The usher appeared.

"Show the Hereditary Justicer of the Mark to the Red Tower. Give him all that is necessary to eat and drink. Bid a man-at-arms attend him, and set a sufficient guard at the door!"

So I went out from the presence, and the Duke and the Duke's new Justicer bowed to each other gravely as I stood a moment on the threshold.

"Till we meet again, Red Axe of the Wolfmark!" said Duke Otho.

"Till we meet again!" said I.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.

In little more than ten minutes after I had entered them, I stood outside the Duke's apartments, and with my escort I strode across to the empty Red Tower, the home of so many memories. My head was reeling with the overpress of excitement; I could not sleep. So, bribing the soldier, my companion, who had been charged by the Duke not to lose sight of me, to accompany me, I went up to my father's garret.

There I found all things as they had been when my father died.

I set the windows wide, cast the tumbled bedclothes out upon the dust-heap beneath, and bared the whole to the clean wholesome breezes of the night. I saw the fateful Red Axe lean as usual against the block, and taking it up, I found it keen as a razor. It was spotless, and the edge gave back the long low room and our one glimmering candle like a mirror. It must have been my father's last work in this world to polish it.

Then I went down to my own room and laid me down upon the bed in which, on that night of the first homecoming of the Playmate, I had laid my little wife.

The soldier couched across the door, rolled in his cloak and some chance wrapping he found about the house.

God keep me from ever spending such a night again. I thought it would never come to an end. Out in the square in front of the Wolfsberg I could hear a knocking—dull, continuous, reverberant. At first I thought it must be within my own head, so I asked the soldier after a little if he heard it also. I had some faint idea that it might be Prince Karl of Plassenburg with his army thundering at the gates of Thorn.

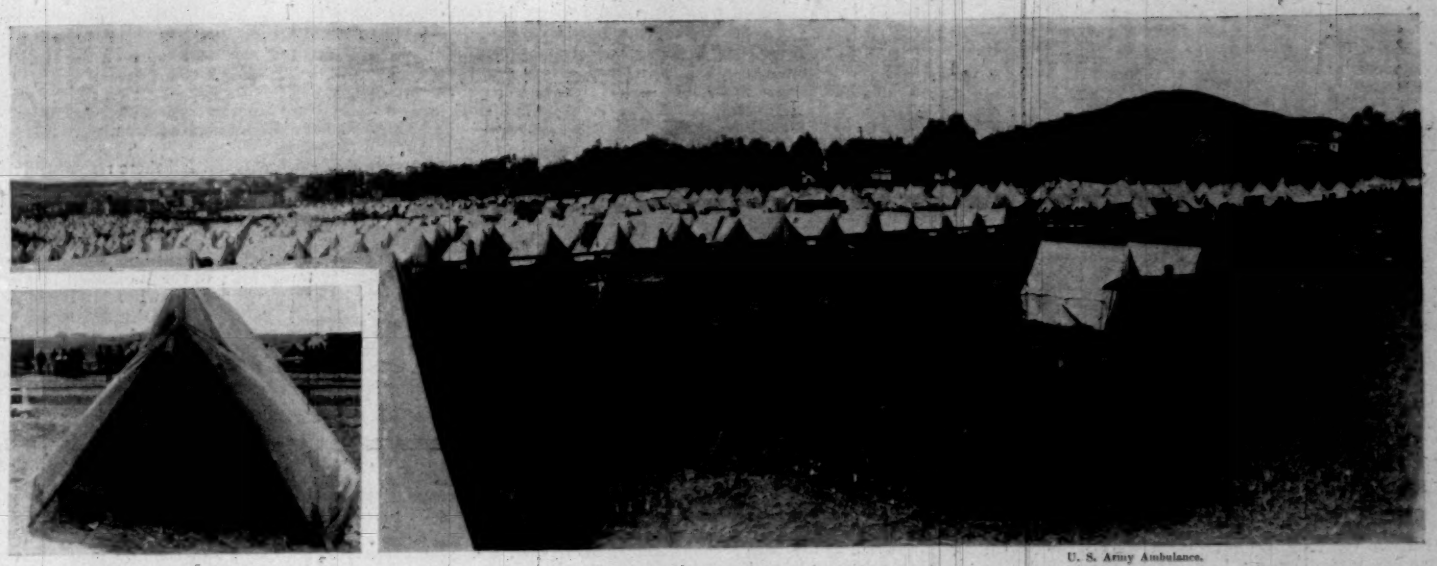
"'Tis but the scaffold going up in the Grand Place without!" said the soldier. "I heard that the Duke had bidden them work all night by torch-light."

I tried to sleep, but the knocking continued, aching across my brows till I thought I must go mad. After a while I went to the window from which I had so often looked down wistfully upon the play of the city children.

Opposite me, in the middle of the open space, loomed a dark mass—a platform, it seemed, raised a dozen feet above the road—the black silhouette of a ladder set anglewise against it, and that was all. Lower, plainer, somehow deadlier it looked than a gibbet, with its flamboyant beam, which one never sees empty without imagining the malefactor aswing upon it; the heading-block did not frown, it grinned—yes, grinned like the eye-holes of a skeleton with a candle behind them, as the torches glinted through the interstices of the frame-work as it was being nailed together.

All night the dull *dunt-dunting* went on without. And I sat awake by the window and awaited the dawning.

The city seethed beneath. When first I looked from



U. S. Army Ambulance.

A LETTER HOME.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE CALIFORNIA, COLORADO, NEBRASKA, AND KANSAS REGIMENTS IN CAMP AT BAY DISTRICT, SAN FRANCISCO.—PHOTOGRAPH BY EDWIN R. JACKSON.

FIRST REGIMENT CALIFORNIA VOLUNTEERS EMBARKING ON THE "CITY OF PEKING."—DRAWN BY J. A. CAHILL.

THE THREE VESSELS—"CITY OF PEKING," "AUSTRALIA," AND "CITY OF SYDNEY"—PASSING OUT OF THE GOLDEN GATE.—PHOTOGRAPH BY WEIDNER.

OFF FOR MANILA—DEPARTURE OF THE FIRST MILITARY EXPEDITION FROM SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 26, 1898.—[SEE PAGE 562.]

my chamber window the square was free to all who chose to enter it. But as the knocking went on the news spread through the town of Thorn.

"They are making the scaffold for our Saint Helena!" So the word ran.

And the courts and alleys of Thorn belched forth thousands of angry men. Pikes were carried like staves, the steel head hidden up the long white burgess sleeve. Working-men of the trades, 'prentices, and market porters drew their swords, and came forth with the bare blades in their hands, leaving the scabbards at home to take care of themselves, as was their custom.

Wives cried from escalier windows to their men to come in by, and lie decently down, to be ready for their work in the morning. And the men so addressed paid not the least heed, as the manner of men is. These things and many others I saw, scarce knowing what I saw.

And so with the hum of gathering crowds the hours passed slowly over. But the temper of the people in the square grew more and more difficult, and soon the guard had to be brought down from the castle. The great gates beneath me were open, and the Wolfsberg vomited the black men-at-arms to keep the Duke's peace.

But this brought only the quicker strife. Yells received them as their steel partisans showed up in the square.

"Oppressors of the people, ye come to your reward!" cried many voices.

"We will give you your last breakfast—of cold, tempered steel!" cried another from the bowels of the crowd.

"To the Wolfsberg—ho! Break in the doors! We will have our Saint Helena forth of their cursed prisons!"

It was no sooner said than done. Like a wave the people rushed in a black irregular mass at the front rank of the guard. The soldiers of the Duke were swept away like chaff; I could see one here and another there struggling in the vortices of the angry multitude.

"On to the Wolfsberg!" cried the crowd.

But when the first of them reached the castle gates, lo! they stood open, and there behind them stood file on file of matchlock men with their matches burning in their hands, and their pieces trained upon their rests.

"Give them the fire!" cried a voice, that of Duke Otho, as the crowd halted a moment irresolute.

The bright red flame started out here and there from muzzle and touch hole, and then ran along the line in an irregular volley.

A terrible cry of fear went up from the folk. For though they had heard of the new ordnance, and even seen one or two, they had never realized the effect of a fusilade. And when a man on either side sank down with a hollow sound like an ox that is felled, and the man in front went over on his face without a sound, the multitude turned, broke into groups, fled, and disappeared in a moment like a whirl of snow which the wind takes down the street in a veering flurry.

Then the gates shut to, and the deep lines of matchlock men were hidden from view. The city now thrilled and murmured worse than ever, humming like an angry hive. But the Wolfsberg kept its place. Not yet had deliverance arrived for the captives within its cells.

And the dread morning was coming fast.

At last, wearied out with crowding emotions, I went and cast me down on my bed, and, instantly falling asleep, I slept like a log till one touched me on the shoulder. Looking up, I saw the Duke Otho. He had come to make sure of his vengeance—the vengeance which I knew well was not his, but that of Ysolinde, Princess of Plassenburg.

CHAPTER LII.

THE HEADSMAN'S RIGHT.

"Rise, Justicer of the Wolfmark!" said Otho, smiling mockingly upon me like a fiend.

I started up and gazed about me, bewildered, as the coming terrors of the morning broke upon me.

"'Tis scarcely an hour to sunrise," he continued, "and I warrant the Noble Red Axe will desire to feel the edge of his tool and see that his assistants are in their places."

The Duke paused as he went out of the door, and looked at me.

"I can promise you a distinguished company at the first public performance of your honorable office," he said, with a polite gesture.

So soon as he was gone I rose to my feet. Across the broad, black oaken stool whereon from boyhood it had been my habit to place my clothes neatly folded up, I found a suit of new red cloth, plain and rich, with an inscription upon a strip of vellum laid across the breast, bearing that these were a gift from the most Illustrious Duke Otho of the Wolfmark.

Since, after all, my fate was my fate, there was little use in straining at the gnat. So I set to and did upon me the garments of shame. They were made after the fashion of my father's, with cap and hosen and shoon all of red, with a cloak of red to cover all.

Then I went to the Playmate's room, and before the niche where her little Prie-Dieu had stood, I kneeled me down and said such a prayer as at the moment I could compass. But little was needed. For I think God in Heaven Himself was praying for us both that day.

When I went forth into the square, few there were knew or remembered me, but all knew my attire. Then indeed it did my heart good to hear the great unanimous roar of execration which went up from the multitude as I came out. The soldiers had their work cut out to push a way for me to the scaffold.

"Butcher him—tear him to pieces—wolf's cub that he is—he that was her foster-brother to slay our Saint Helena!"

It made me proud to hear them. And as they rushed furiously against the escort we swayed from side to side.

"Down with the Red Axe!" they cried. "Down with the bloody house of Gottfried and all that belong to it."

And then I felt inclined to say "Amen!"

Then when I had mounted the few steps which led to the platform on which stood the black headsman's block, I gazed about me in wonder, holding the Red Axe in my hand. And to my disordered vision I saw the crowd swell and whirl about me on earth and in the air, bubbling and tossing like a pot boiling furiously. Then I bethought me of the work I had to do, and prayed that I might be given strength to do it swiftly and featly, that the suffering of my love might not be long. Also I thought of the lecherous demons of the Black Riders, and was somewhat comforted. At the worst, I could give my love a better end than that.

Then appeared my Lord Duke Otho. An enclosure had been formed for him by the palace wall, covered with a red hanging, as though my sweetheart's death were a gala sight. And when he had come to the front and arranged his folk, lo! there by his side stood Ysolinde, Princess of Plassenburg, with her father, Master Gerard. They had a place close by the Duke, and Otho ofttimes bent over to speak with his councillor. But Ysolinde looked neither to right nor left, nor yet spoke to any, keeping her eyes fixed on the shining blade of the Red Axe in my hand.

Then as these fine folk stood waiting and gloating among the festoons of their balcony, the devil or God (I know which, but I will not say, lest I be thought a blasphemer) put an intent into my heart. I looked at the edge of the scaffold, and I looked at the barrier of the enclosure. They were of the same height, and the distance between them little more than six feet.

I examined them again, and yet more intently. I saw the steely smile on Duke Otho's face. Already he was tasting the double sweetness of his revenge.

"Wait," I said within my heart as I also smiled a little—"wait, Otho, Duke of the Wolfmark. Wait till this bright edge is sullied with my sweet love's blood. And then—then will I leap upon you, and the Red Axe shall crash deep into the brain that hatched and fostered this hellish intent. And by the gentle heart of her who is about to die, so also will I serve Gerard, the lawyer, and Ysolinde, his daughter, for their treachery against the innocent. Then, amid the flash of steel and the heady whirl of battle, shall Hugo Gottfried be content to die!" It would take more than one stroke to dull that which my father had sharpened. And I lifted up the Red Axe and felt the edge with my thumb. It was razor keen.

But the action was observed, and taken as a proof of callousness. And then what a yell of hate surged up around me! I could have taken those burghers of Thorn to my heart. And I thought if only our Karl would come. Alas! it was a full day too soon; for I felt sure that these burghers would proclaim him at the gates, and that the house of Otho and Casimir, the brood of the Wolff, would, like the shadow of the raven as it flits in the sunshine, pass away. For by that time there would be no Otho. They would find him low enough, with an axe cleft in his head.

When the sun's light tipped the eastern clouds with rose, the Black Hussars came riding forth. The guards and matchlock men lined the way from the castle gates. They blew up their matches to be ready. Suddenly in the midst of the armed throng there appeared a radiant figure coming down the steps of the castle from the Hall of Judgment.

The people threw themselves wildly in that direction. The dark lines of the guard reeled and wavered. There was the sharp click as the pikes engaged. The shouts of the captains of the matchlock men were heard. But the trained bands stood fast, and the rush was stayed. Then came our Helene down towards me, walking delicately, yet proudly erect as a young tree. She was clad all in white, and her hair was plaited high upon her head, so that the shape of her neck was clearly seen.

And I who stood there with the axe in my hand seemed to have a thousand years to think all these things, and even to mark the pattern upon her dress. I saw her come nearer and nearer to me. Yet feeling was dead within me. I seemed to sleep and wake and sleep again. And when at last I awoke, there came a strange feeling to me. It was my wedding-day, and my bride was coming to me, lily pure, clad in whiteness.

Then at the foot of the scaffold there came one forth from the ranks, a captain of the Duke's guard, and with honor and respect offered Helene his arm.

She declined it with a proud smile, and all that were near could hear her clear voice say: "I thank you, sir; I need no help. I am strong enough to walk thus far."

And she mounted the steps of the scaffold as though they had been those of the grand staircase at Plassenburg.

But when she saw me standing in my habit of red from head to heel, she seemed a little taken aback. Quickly, however, she came forward and took me by the hand, looking up at me with the love-light making her eyes glorious.

"Hugo," she said, "I am glad you are here—glad that I am to die by no less loving hand. That will be sweeter than to live with any other. And, indeed, I deserve so much, for I have not known much joy in my life, save in the old days that of being your Little Playmate."

Then there came a stern voice from the enclosure,

"*Executioner of the Mark, do your duty!*"

It was the voice of Master Gerard.

And then I looked over and saw Gerard von Sturm standing a little in front, with his daughter's wrist held tightly in his hand as though he would drag her back. With that a loathing came over me, for I said within me, "Is the woman so anxious for the blood of the innocent whom she has hounded to death that she would intrude on the scaffold itself?"

Then I remembered the duty of the Justicers, ere the sentence was carried out, to recite the crimes of the condemned.

So I cried aloud, even as I had heard my father do:

"The crimes of Helene, Princess of Plassenburg, sole daughter of Dietrich, lately Prince thereof—guilty of no evil save that she has been the saviour of this people of Thorn, and their deliverer in time of pestilence!"

The people hushed themselves with astonishment at my words, and then a cry went up,

"The Red Axe speaks true—she is innocent—innocent!"

But the stern voice of Gerard von Sturm came again,

"*Executioner of the Wolfmark, do your duty!*"

Scarce knowing what I did, I went on with my formal accusation.

"Helene, Princess of Plassenburg, who is about to die, is also guilty of loving me, Hugo Gottfried, son of Gottfried Gottfried, and of none other crime. For this the Duke has decreed that she should die. It is her own will that she should die by my hand."

Helene came forward and put her hand in mine in token that I spoke truly, and there fell a great silence across the people. I saw the Lady Ysolinde straining at her father's hand, like a dog in a leash when the quarry rises.

Then my love kissed me once, as though she had been saying good-night in the Red Tower, simply and sweetly like a child, and laid her head down on the block as on the white pillow of her own bed.

"*God do so, and more also, to them on whose head is the innocent blood of my love and my wife.*"

The words burst from me rather than were uttered.

I raised the blade.

But ere the Red Axe could fall there rose a wild scream from the Duke's enclosure. Some one cried: "Let me go! He has said it! He has said it! I will not be silent any longer." It was the Lady Ysolinde who had broken from her father's hand.

"The girl is his wife," she went on. "He has claimed her—according to the laws of the Wolfmark that cannot be broken, he has called her his wife. It is the Executioner's right. One woman he can claim as his during his term of office—one only, and for his wife. Duke Otho, I call upon you to allow it. Chancellor Texel, I call upon you to read the law. I have it here in my hand. Read! Read! *I will save my soul! I will save my soul!*"

And the Lady Ysolinde, sobbing and laughing at once, had overleaped the light barrier, and was thrusting a parchment with a seal into the hands of the Chancellor Michael Texel.

"She is mad. Let the justice of the realm be done!" cried again the voice of Master Gerard.

And I think the Duke would have ordered it to be so. But there arose not only a roar from the people, but, what Otho minded far more, an ominous murmur among the nobles and gentlemen and from the men-at-arms.

"The law! The law! Read us the law!"

And even Otho dare not trifle with the will of the free companions of the Mark. For in all the realm they were now his only supporters. Helene had risen to her feet, and stood, pale of face but erect, resting, as was her wont, one hand on my shoulder.

Then Michael Texel read the scroll aloud.

"It is the immemorial privilege of the Hereditary Executioner of the Mark, being of the family of Gottfried—a privilege not to be abrogated nor alienated—that during the term of office of each, he may claim, not as a boon, but as a right, the life of one man for a bond-servant, or the life of one woman for a wife. Thus, by order of the States' Council, to be the privilege of the Gottfrieds forever, it has been proclaimed!"

As Michael Texel went on, I saw the countenances of the Duke and the lawyer change. I knew that salvation had come to us like lightning from a clear sky, and I hastened to demand the right which was mine.

So soon as he had finished I shouted, with all my power,

"I CLAIM HELENE TO BE MY WIFE!"

Then went up such an acclaim from the people as never had been heard in the ancient city. Even the gentlemen in the enclosure threw their hats in the air. The soldiers put their helmets on the points of their spears, and the captains waved their colors as at a victory. The thunder of the cheering roused the rooks and jackdaws from the towers of Thorn and the bastions of the Wolfsberg till they went drifting in a black cloud clamorous over the city.

Then Helene put her arms about my neck, and before all the people we plighted our troth.

"The Bishop—the Bishop Peter!" cried the people.

And, leaping upon an officer's horse, a messenger rode post-haste to the palace, the crowd making way for him. Duke Otho disappeared through a private door, for the thing was over-strong even for him. He knew his weakness too well to war with the privileges of the Wolfmark.

Rulers stronger than he had been broken in doing battle against ancient rights and amenities. Besides, the nobility were afraid of their own perquisites if one of so ancient a charter as that of the Hereditary Justicer were refused.

Then from the palace came the Bishop, with due and decorous attendance of crosier and solemn procession. And there, amid the turmoil of joy and the ringing of every bell in the city, we, that had gone out to be together in death, were joined in the bonds of youth and life.

But the Lady Ysolinde saw not, heard not. For they had carried her out white and still from the place where she had fallen fainting at the foot of the scaffold.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHICKAMAUGA.

Late one afternoon recently two stalwart soldiers bore an iron safe to the headquarters that are comfortably fanned by every grateful breeze that rustles the leaves on Lytles Hill. The box was honored with an escort of two armed guards, who staid conveniently near while the paymaster raised the lid and took out packages of a delicious green in color, decorated with patriotic scenes, and eloquent with promises to pay, and with numerals, from the cheerful 1 to the exhilarating 50. It was the box of Pandora—if money be the root of all evil; and surely the ills that flesh is heir to took no swifter wing to the ends of the earth from one box than this essence of evil took from the other when the lid of each was raised. To officers' wives—lonely women at lonely posts—those bills fluttered; to the army girl at school, just now a heroine doubtless among her schoolmates; to the old father, the widowed mother, the young sister, the children of the plain soldier. And the local shower from the gay, the reckless, the unregenerate, was as a shower of leaves after a killing frost and a hard rain. Ever good-humored, ever generous, ever mellow, is the spirit of the army; but a rich warmth was in the atmosphere next day that did not come from the sun, except indirectly, and through the skin of a grape or the beard of corn. The best that was in town was far from being any too good for the open-handed sons of Uncle Sam. A black warrior took up a ragged little compatriot from the street with one hand, put him on a stool in a clothing-store, and sent him home arrayed like a dusky son of Solomon. A young lieutenant passing into a restaurant halted in front of a discharged soldier, miserable and hungry-looking.

"I'll match you for a dollar," said the officer.

The soldier smiled miserably, put his fingers mechanically into his waistcoat pocket, felt something, and smiled again with much good cheer.

"All right," he said, holding out his shut hand and opening it. In his palm lay a broken match.

"Won!" was the officer's cry, and the coin rang on the counter; and the soldier took martial tread for the bar and "set 'em up" like a king. Everywhere soldiers plied knife and fork on shad and tenderloin, or said "How!" joyously with comrade and civilian, and swaggered the streets, and kept shooting-gallery and bar-room merry until a late hour, all jolly, but all singularly well-behaved.

At Chickamauga sundry ingenious changes were rung on the work-a-day routine of camp life, for the soldier is as little of a "paper sport" in peace as he is in war. Bottles popped and gurgled at the canteens, and in the groves round about there were some sly throwing of craps and playing of poker and chuck-a-luck, and that winsome game of the West, "Rush Reuben."

In front of the post-office hung a sign: "Rubber boots for sale."

A jolly trooper stopped before it, ran his rolling eyes over it once, looked at the dust about him, and smiled.

"Hic—thash joke!"

He read it again and laughed softly to himself and beckoned to a comrade. The comrade came, and the trooper stirred up the dust with his foot; and the dust was three inches deep. Then he pointed to the sign, but this time he did not laugh.

"Thash insult!" he said, solemnly, and began pulling his pistol.

The other pulled too, saying, sympathetically, "Yesh, thash insult th—army—whole army!"

Several others ran up as they levelled their guns, and in a minute a fire by platoons was making a sieve of that unlucky sign.

In spite of incidents of this kind, which landed some of the rioters in the guard-house, nobody was hurt, and it is safe to say that no body of civilians, under the same circumstances, would have been better behaved.

Early next morning a little body of men in queer-looking uniforms climbed rather heavily from the train and started on a march through the camp. They were old boys, and they went rather slowly, but they stepped jauntily, and in their natty old-fashioned caps and old jackets, pointed into a V shape behind, they looked jaunty in spite of their years. Not a soldier but paused to look at these men in gray, who marched thus proudly through such a stronghold of blue and were not ashamed. And nobody smiled or laughed or joked one with the other, for all knew that they were old Confederates in butternut, and once fighting-men indeed. All knew that these men had fought battles that made scouts and Indian skirmishes and city riots, and perhaps any battles that are to be seen with Spain, but play by contrast for the "tin soldiers" upon whom the regular smiles with such mild contempt; that this thin column had seen twice the full muster of 7000 strong camping there melt away on that same field in a single day. Your true fighter, the world over, to the true fighter doffs his hat, and the little remnant of men in gray, a remnant of thousands upon thousands strong, marched through an atmosphere of profound respect, and on through a mist of memories to that Calvary of the battle-field, the rocky little hill where the Virginian Thomas—"the Rock of Chickamauga"—stood against seventeen fierce assaults of hill-swarming demons in butternut, whose desperate valor has no parallel since history began the record of the battles of the earth, unless it then and there found its counterpart in the desperate courage of the brothers in name and race whose lives they sought that day. They were bound to a patriotic love-feast with old enemies in blue, these men in gray, and they held it near Snodgrass Hill, where stand four monuments with four bronze figures to represent the three branches of the service, which Tennessee has erected to her sons who fought on either side at Chickamauga.

One only of the figures is a Federal, for the Federals constituted but one-fourth the Tennessee troops who fought that day.

"If the combatants had not already learned it," said ex-Governor Porter, when he turned over the monuments to the United States, "they learned on this field that educated Americans of every section of the Federal Union were alike brave in action, and that advantages won by either side resulted from the character of its leadership.

"Twenty-one commanding officers of Tennessee regiments conspicuous on this field fell within a year in the forefront of battle. Not many States can show such a roll of honor; no State can mourn the loss of so many distinguished sons."

"While granting to the soldiers of both armies a sincere desire to do right as each could see the right," said a Federal general of Nashville, "yet, speaking from a Federal stand-point, the friends of the national government can never cease to be grateful that, in the providence of God, East Tennessee chose to cast her best strength to aid in maintaining and preserving the union of the States."

"Other wars may come and go," wrote an ex-Confederate Senator, who could not be present, "but they can never erase from the page of history nor from the memory of the people the brief, brilliant, and eventful career of the Southern Confederacy. They can never remove from the cluster of flags that belong to history our modest little ensign with its stars and bars hovering beneath the cross of St. Andrew. . . . We still dwell with rapture on the victories won beneath its folds, at whatever sacrifice, and now, after the lapse of a third of a century, we take the greatest pride in perpetuating in bronze the memory of those who fell in the cause of which it was the emblem."

And the poet said:

O valorous Blue . . .
O glorious Gray . . .
. . . . the message you left through the land has sped
From this marbled field to the heart of man.
Let the past be past and the dead be dead—
Now and forever American!

And so said one of Forrest's cavalrymen at the "camp fire," at the Auditorium in town that night. Mason and Dixon's line was somewhere off Key West now, he declared, and Lee and Wheeler were going down to push it even farther south.

Meanwhile the regulars were breaking camp for the hot sands of Tampa, and that night bugles blew lonely taps to the chafing soldiers left behind. JOHN FOX, JR.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

(*Continued from page 559.*)

Wednesday, June 1.—The Monitor *Monadnock*, now cruising off Puget Sound, is to be made ready for service at Manila. Orders to this effect were issued to-day to her commanding officer and to the commandant of the Mare Island Navy Yard.

Rear-Admiral Sampson arrived off Santiago de Cuba, and relieved Commodore Schley in command of the entire American fleet at that point. The united squadrons comprise about sixteen war-ships.

A despatch from Madrid says that the government, to secure funds for the prosecution of the war, has intrusted the Bank of Spain with negotiations for a loan of 1,000,000,000 pesetas. Grave doubts are expressed as to the ability of the bank to raise the loan.

Thursday, June 2.—To-day's Treasury statement of government income and expenditure for May shows that during the month just ended $9,093,000 was spent on the navy and $17,093,000 on the army. During April, $12,557,000 was spent by the government on the navy and only $6,223,000 on the army.

The House unanimously passed an urgent deficiency bill appropriating $17,845,000 for war expenditures.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

FOOD FOR INFANTS.

THE Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, as a baby food from the hour of birth, stands without a competitor, presenting as it does the most perfect preparation of milk for the use of infants.—[*Adv.*]

DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS are the most efficacious stimulant to excite the appetite.—[*Adv.*]

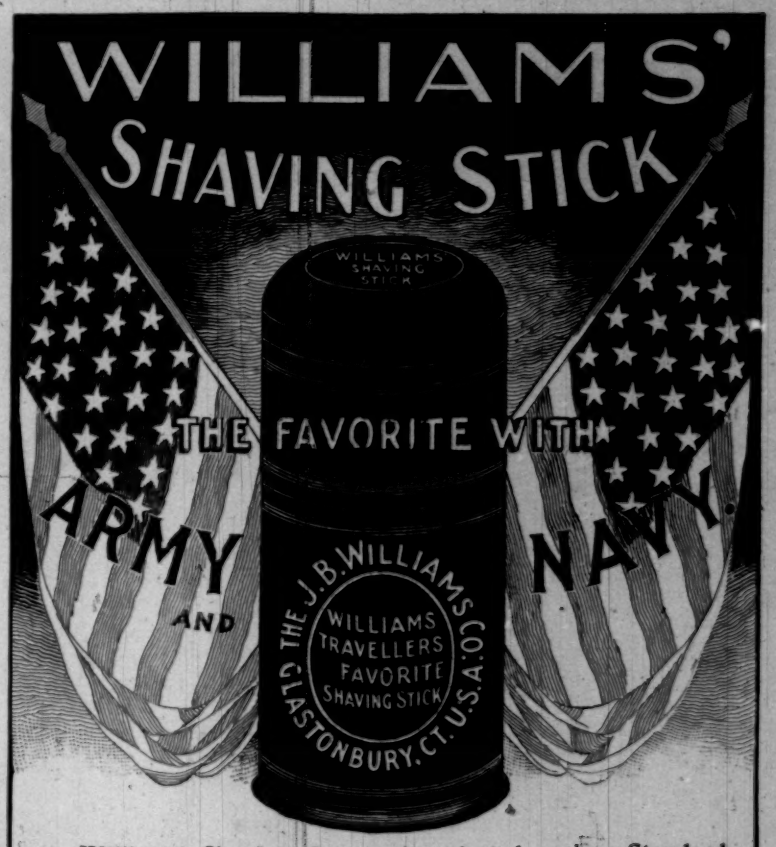
ONLY one best—and that, THE ORIGINAL ANGOSTURA BITTERS—ABBOTT'S.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Summer Resorts

LELAND'S OCEAN HOUSE,
NEWPORT, R. I.
Opens June 25. *Write for booklet.*
WARREN LELAND, Jr., Manager.



Williams' Shaving Soaps were adopted as the **"Standard for quality"** by the U. S. Naval Department nearly fifty years ago. They are used exclusively at Annapolis, and on all U. S. Naval Vessels, at West Point and the principal Army Posts. Their rich, creamy, healing lather has made Williams' Shaving Soaps **Standard** of the **World.**

Williams' Shaving Soaps are sold everywhere, but sent by mail if your dealer does not supply you.

Williams' Shaving Stick, 25 cents. **Luxury Shaving Tablet, 25 cents.**
Genuine Yankee Shaving Soap, 10 cents. **Swiss Violet Shaving Cream, 50 cents.**
Williams' Shaving Soap (Barbers'), 6 round cakes, 1 lb., 40 cts. Exquisite also for toilet.
Williams' Glycerated Tar Soap, 15 cents.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.
LONDON, 64 Great Russell St., W. C. SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA, 161 Clarence St.

The Searchlight of Experience
turned upon the NEW MODELS of the
Remington
Standard Typewriter
Reveals how perfectly they are equipped for encountering every requirement of practical users.
Fast · Powerful · Constant

No. 4711 ESSENCE OF
Rhine Violets
No. 4711

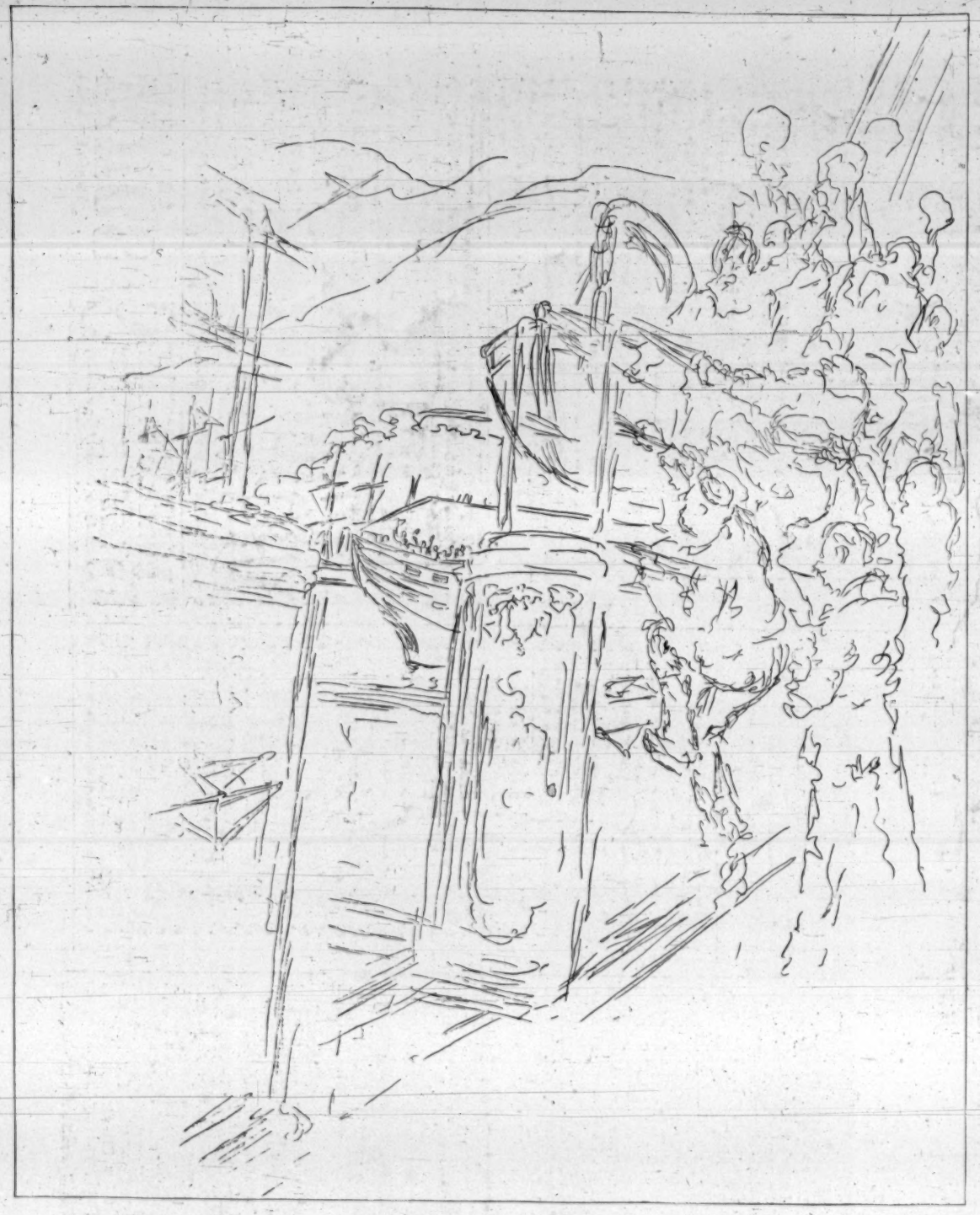
The highest degree of refinement.—Wonderfully delicate and lasting.—Absolutely true odor of the living flower.—Be sure to get the "No. 4711."

Sole U. S. Agents
MULHENS & KROPFF
NEW YORK

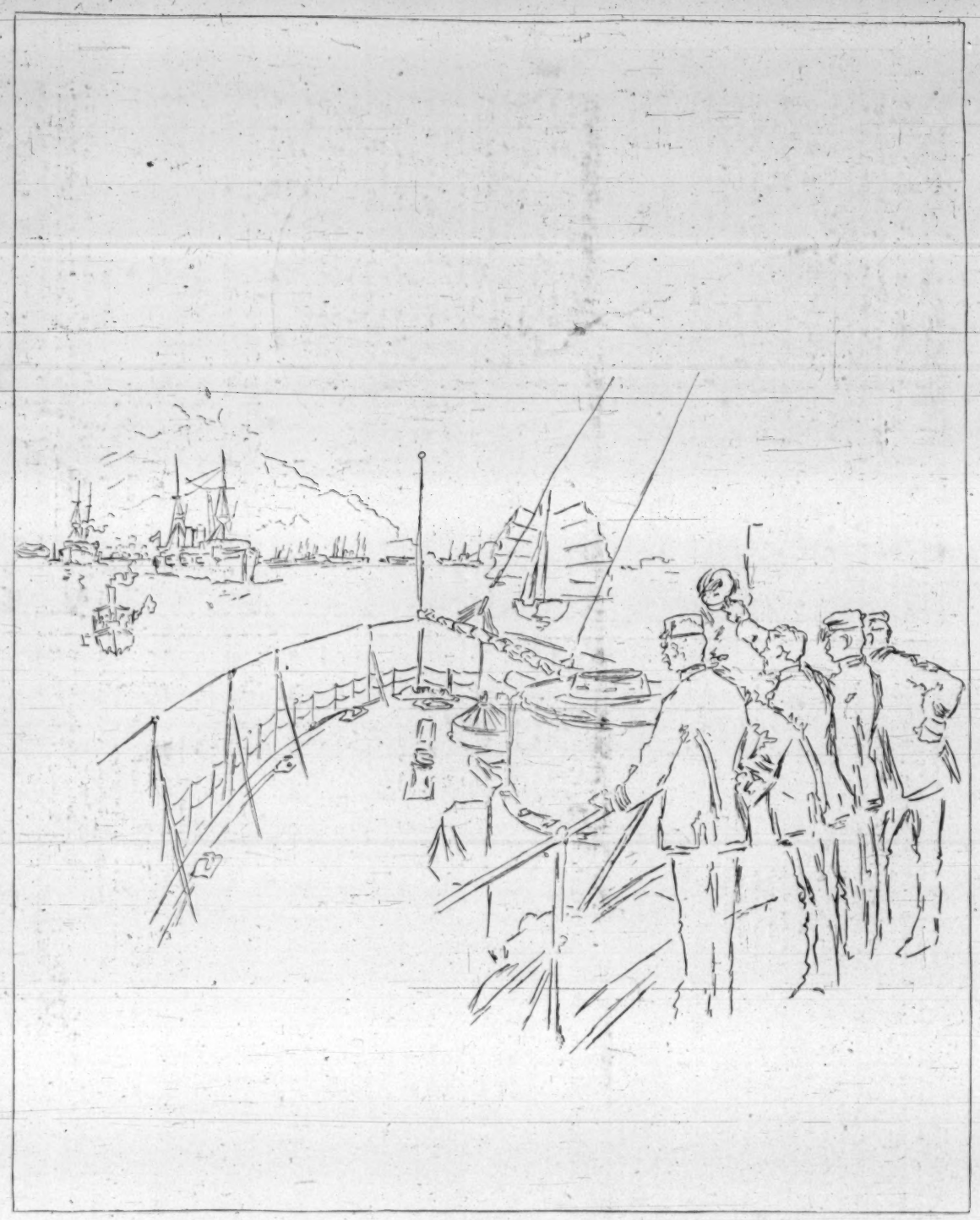
BOKER'S BITTERS
The oldest and best Specific against dyspepsia; an appetizer and a promoter of digestion.
Ask your Grocer, Liquor Dealer, or Druggist.

He is a Public Benefactor Who provides the people With a pure stimulant.
OLD DEARBORN RYE
Bottled in bond, supplies this long-felt want. Sold by all leading dealers. Prescribed by all leading physicians. Write for circular and prices.
W. P. Squibb & Co. Lawrenceburgh, Dearborn County, Ind., Distillers

THE CELEBRATED
SOHMER
Heads the List of the Highest-Grade Pianos.
Caution.—The buying public will please not confound the genuine SOHMER Piano with one of a similar-sounding name of a cheap grade.
Our name spells—
S—O—H—M—E—R
New York Warerooms
SOHMER BUILDING
Fifth Ave., cor 22d St.



ANGLO-AMERICAN SYMPATHY.
The Crew of the "Olympia" replying to the Cheers of the Crew of a British Troop-Ship.



DEPARTURE OF U. S. SHIPS "OLYMPIA," "BALTIMORE," AND "RALEIGH" FOR MIRS BAY, APRIL 25.
U. S. Consul Wildman waving Farewell to the Officers of the Flag-Ship.

WITH ADMIRAL DEWEY'S FLEET—LEAVING HONG-KONG FOR MANILA.

SKETCHES MADE ON THE SPOT BY JOHN T. MCCUTCHEON, SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE FLEET.

THE "GUSSIE" EXPEDITION—LANDING HORSES THROUGH THE SURF UNDER FIRE FROM THE SHORE.

Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" with the Expedition.—[See Page 578.]

CRUISING ON A TRANSPORT.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Port Tampa, Florida.

It is early morning, yet the sun is well up, and Havana is bathed in a bright white light, and the mist is rising above the crowded houses, thick and heavy, obscuring the hills behind the city. We are very close in—I can plainly see the embrasures of the big battery under the Cabañas.

A curious-looking craft this on which our expedition is embarked, with her hull painted a brilliant red, her upper works and huge paddle-boxes white, and the old-fashioned "walking-beam" seesawing up and down. Bales of hay covered with canvas are stacked on the hurricane-deck; huge red water-tanks cumber the forecastle. From below, the occasional stamp of hoofs and the braying of mules mingle with the odor of the stable and the chug-a-chug-chug of the paddles, a Gatling gun shoves its many barrels over the rail forward, while everywhere about the ship the soldiers are scattered, leaning over the rail and gazing towards the land, as hardy, athletic, fine a lot of lads as ever shouldered rifle.

Our ship is the transport *Gussie*. Close alongside lies the "converted" revenue-cutter *Manning*, and as, turning our bows westward, we slowly steam away, she follows in our wake—a trim little ship, very businesslike in appearance. The object of the expedition is to land arms and ammunition for the insurgents, and cases of rifles and cartridges, clothing and supplies, fill the holds, while a number of mules and horses stand in stalls betweendecks. Some Cuban officers, with their asistente, or camp servant, an interpreter, and one or two pilots, are on board, and to-day we hope to land the officers for a mission to their people. As we proceed slowly along the coast we gradually creep closer and closer to the land. The houses of Havana mass into one shining spot astern, the light-house on Morro Castle silhouettes against the horizon, and but for the flickering flashes on the distant hills, where the heliographs are working, the whole coast seems deserted. But the apparent calm on shore is deceptive, and watchful eyes are following every movement of the lumbering old ship.

Up on a hill, where some buildings, bluish-white, show through the trees, a body of the enemy's troops appears, moving out from behind the walls of the houses, and forming in a mass near some great trees to the left of the buildings. On our consort the crew has gone to general quarters; the men are grouped around the guns, and as she quietly slips up to a position between our ship and the shore her batteries open, while a wild cheer breaks out from the soldiers gathered along the rails and crowding the hurricane-deck of the transport, eager and excited at this their first sight of the foe. As the smoke drifts away not a soul is in sight on the hill; the Spaniards have disappeared, as if by magic, from that particular point; but the noise of the cannonade has seemingly roused the whole neighborhood into action. Slowly we move past Mariel, opening out the beautiful bay, and looking right at the red-roofed houses. Our Cuban friends are buckling on their machetes and accoutrements, and handling the Springfield rifles that have been issued to them this morning. Their saddles and horse equipments lie ready on the deck. We are nearing the point where we hope to land them. Suddenly we see a man, waist-deep in the grass, running swiftly towards the thick brush beyond, and almost simultaneously up over the crest a number of horsemen come into view on the road. The flash of steel and the color of uniforms show the new-comers to be a body of Spanish cavalry, that has no doubt been following us all the way from Mariel. Then, detaching themselves from the mass, four troopers ride forward, disappear in the dense jungle, and emerge in a few moments directly abreast of us on the sandy beach.

Putting their horses into a gentle canter, they move along, keeping up with us, and paying no attention to the rifle-shots from a tug that has been accompanying the ship from the start. Riding well out to the front, the leader sits astride a handsome gray horse; the others canter a few yards behind, as brave and reckless a "set of fours" as ever delighted the eye of a cavalryman; there is more than one expression of generous admiration at the intrepidity of our enemies. Where a break in the shore—a little cove—stops their further progress, the Spanish troopers rein in, and after watching us for a few moments longer, the horses' heads are turned inland, and, with a parting defiant fist-shake from the man on the gray horse, all four riders are swallowed up in the dense undergrowth. There is no use to attempt a landing here. Every now and then the distant prutt of a volley from the shore warns us that the bush is swarming with the enemy; but the smokeless powder of their Mausers gives us no clew to the exact location of the firing, and we gradually draw out without replying.

It is well on in the afternoon as we near the entrance to Cabañas Bay, and it is decided to attempt a landing on Arbolitos, the point on the western side. Sounding constantly, the big red hulk of our ship creeps closer and closer in towards the reef. With a roar of chain and upward splash of spray the anchor takes the ground, and we swing slowly abreast the beach—in sea parlance, "close enough to shy a biscuit on shore." The gunboat, with gentle, easy dip and roll, lies just off our quarter; a little further out to sea the graceful lines of a diminutive cruiser, the United States gunboat *Wasp*, show up in a gray mass on the unbroken surface of the sea. Of course the *Gussie* is short-handed—who ever knew of a hired transport that wasn't?—and it takes some time to lower the boats. Amid some confusion, for there seems to be no one aboard experienced in such matters to direct their movements, two of the boats are filled and manned by the soldiers, the boat first "shoved off" moving up the reef, as if seeking an opening, the second pulling direct for the shore. As it nears the reef the swell begins to lift it, sending it in quick-succeeding leaps rapidly forward, until in a burst and smother of foam it plunges right into the surf, almost disappearing from view. For a moment we on the ship hold our breath in anxious expectation; then, as we see one blue-clad form after the other boldly plunge overboard and rush through the water, stumbling, falling full length, picking themselves up again, in eager emulation to reach the land, while others grab the gunwales of the boat on either side, and shoving it along between them, carry it bodily up on the strand, an enthusiastic shout bursts out, as cheer on cheer goes up for the first American soldiers to set foot on Cuban soil.

Meanwhile the first boat seems to be hard and fast on the reef, teetering up and down in the swell like the *Gussie's* walking-beam; but the fine athletic fellows are out of her in a jiffy, and soon, strung out in long skirmish-line on the beach alongside their comrades, move forward into the bush. The Cubans are quickly landed, and the task of setting the horses ashore begins. The great port, opening at the side from the deck where the stalls are placed, is swung wide, a line made fast to the halter of the horse is passed to men in a small boat alongside, and the startled animal is pushed and driven to the opening, until with a desperate leap he plunges into the water. Guided by the man in the stern, while his companion heads the boat for the shore, the horse, snorting in alarm, but swimming easily, reaches the reef, and finding foothold, scrambles through the surf, making for the shore, where he is soon standing tethered to a tree, and apparently none the worse for his experience. The second horse gives less trouble; or perhaps the men who are taking him ashore have benefited by the experience of the first landing; and now the third animal is well on his way towards the beach. On the hurricane-deck of the ship, lined up under cover of the hay-bales, the men who form the covering party have been watching the proceedings with anxious interest. Suddenly some way up the beach, right on the edge of the brush, we see something moving. Two or three blue figures emerge partly, and are running forward, arms at a trail; one drops on knee; with quick, jerky movement up goes rifle to shoulder, and we see the flash of the discharge. "By God, they're attacked!" speaks a voice at my side, and simultaneously the air about us is filled with a whirring, humming sound, followed by a distant pattering noise, like fire-crackers on Independence day. Zip! hum! buzz! the angry bullets come flying, and a thin blue haze floats over the brush just beyond where one of the boats has been hauled up on the shore. "Ten shun!" The hardy figures behind the hay-bales become rigid. "With magazines, load!" A momentary rattling and clicking of steel on steel. "Aim just to the right of the boat on the shore! Steady! Fire!" and like the discharge of a single piece the volley hits back at the attacking enemy. Again and again, quietly and as on drill, the men respond to the orders. The fire on shore rolls here and there, now falling, now rising again, slacking finally to a few scattering shots, then dying away. The enemy's attack is repulsed, and he has retired, leaving behind him the bodies of an officer and two soldiers, victims of the first encounter between American and Spanish soldiers on Cuban shores. But, victorious as are our men for the time being, their position on shore is exceedingly precarious. Our morning's work has shown us that the country is swarming with Spanish soldiery. Cabañas is not far distant, the enemy knows our force, and it will not be long before he can confront us in overwhelming numbers. We must try to make the woods too hot to hold him, and so word is sent to our friends of the gunboats with request to shell and drive him away, while dispositions are made to re-embark.

It is a pretty sight to witness as the two gunboats move slowly broadside to the beach. Their fire sweeps the entire length of the jungle, and the boom of the guns, the whir of the projectiles, and the sharp burst of the shells as they plunge in among the trees mingle in one continuous roar, and are added to by the rumble of the storm over the land yonder. Time presses, the afternoon is waning, the tide is falling, and the roar of the surf strikes heavier and heavier on the ear. Lieutenant-Colonel Dorst, the officer in command of the expedition—his boat upset on landing, casting him and all its occupants into the sea—stands with the Cubans by the trees where the horses are.

Word had been brought off to the ship that our allies, alarmed by the presence of the enemy, hesitated to carry out the mission for which they had been put ashore; but now we see them saddling the horses, and soon they mount and ride off up the shore, picturesque figures in their wide-brimmed hats and loose cotton garments. Our men have gone forward into the bush again, ready to repel the enemy should he renew the attack, but now the bugle sounds the recall, and we see them emerging from the trees and gathering in squads on the beach. It is going to be more difficult to re-embark even than it was to land. The boats have to be shoved out to the reef, where the water deepens abruptly, and the surf is angry and growing more violent every moment as the swells run in from the open sea. The men wade into the water, pushing the boat before them, until the reef is reached, and scramble in; some, up to their necks in the water, throw their rifles into the boat, and clinging to the gunwales as the light craft is driven out over the swells, are dragged in by their comrades. A boat from the *Manning*, as close in to the reef as it can get, lies on its oars waiting to take Dorst off, and I own to a grateful feeling of relief when, after struggling neck-deep through the surf, I see him safe in the stern-sheets of the *Manning's* boat, the last to leave the shore.

Our good ship *Gussie* seems to like Havana. Here she is again, her red hull bobbing up serenely in the morning light, her white upper works shining, and her old walking-beam swinging up and down, as if wigwagging morning greetings to our old friends in Morro. Here we go, lumbering down the coast again in the same easy, friendly way as yesterday, with our guard and escort *Manning* steaming sociably along in company, and our little friend *Wasp* buzzing along off our bow.

"Something done drap in de watah ovah dere, sah," says one of the negro cabin-boys to me, as I pass out of the cabin on my way to the upper deck, and looking towards the shore away off yonder on the hill-side, where long rows of palms are standing, I see a little blue cloud melting away against the brown background. A flash, another cloud of smoke puffing out in a round cottony sort of cloud, and something else "done drap in de watah," just astern, so close this time as to send the spray showering high up over the rails, and I am not long in getting out and up on the deck above. Just off our bow on the shore, half hidden in the thick of the underbrush, a circular gray-white tower gleams in the sunlight; just beyond there is a gentle rise in the ground, and up from over the bushes there another cloud bursts out, and swish-wish-wish a shot passes over us. Look at the *Manning* jump forward, gallantly interposing her slender gray shape between the *Gussie's* old red hulk and the shore, while there comes graceful little *Wasp* right up across our bow, bristling with stings, and humming away to a merry tune as her very first shot, straight and true, strikes in the very midst of the battery on the hill-side. Another and another, right home she drives them, and the Spanish guns up there speak no more. Turn about, *Gussie*, old girl! there's no room for you here. The Spanish welcome is too full of passionate fervor for your brittle old sides; so steam away, and watch the gallant little fighters from a safer point of view. Your call has been close enough for the time being. Lieutenant Ward lingers awhile, with the *Wasp* flirting about and just praying for another chance, but courteously refraining from joining in the conversation the other gunboat is having with the gentlemen behind the tower. The *Manning* is banging away at a great rate over there; we can see the water splash around her, and a villanous crack and puff of smoke right under her bows show that her opponents are doing all they can to keep up their share of the conversation. The little gunboat, true to her sex, however, has the last word, and soon all is silent along the shore; but it is rather a battered and discouraged looking tower that she leaves behind her on the point there.

The jig is up for this part of the coast, so far as you are concerned, *Gussie*—at any rate, for the present. You will make another attempt to-night; for Dorst, as brave a cavalryman as ever threw leg over horse, is loath to give up; but everywhere, by night or day, you will find our Spanish friends alert and watchful, and the game, under present circumstances, isn't worth the candle. All I can do is heartily to wish you better luck next time.

R. F. Zogbaum.

WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Despatch-Boat "Kanapaha," *May 21 to 28, 1898.*

From Havana eastward to the Bahama Channel, from Cuba on the south to the Bahama Islands on the north, the fleet of Admiral Sampson has scoured the waters since Monday last, looking in vain for a sail or sign of smoke that would indicate an enemy's vessel. Nothing but silent sea and sky, nothing but torrid sun or tropic rain-storm, to mark the days; the nights set with brilliant stars, from the great Dipper dear to Northern eyes to the fair Southern Cross hanging low over the dim coast-line.

Monday morning, in the mist and rain, rolling on the tumbling waters, the flag-ship gathered about her, like a hen her chickens, the scattered cruisers, the big *Indiana* alone unmoved by the noisy seas, the *Mayflower*, *Annapolis*, *Newport*, *Machias*, and the torpedo-boats *Foote* and *Rodgers*, and started off to the eastward. We knew that Schley's fleet had gone to the south side of the island, and from off Havana to the east meant a definite purpose of some sort, which strengthened during the day to our minds as we kept steadily on past Matanzas and Cardenas. A cloud of black smoke on the western horizon heralded during the afternoon an addition to the fleet, which overhauled us rapidly, and proved so complete a stranger as to make us think for a time that the mythical Spanish fleet had at last a representative; signals flew from the flag-ship's lofty signal-yards, answered by a cloud of flags from the new ship, which, passing near enough by this time, we found to be the *New Orleans*, foreign built, but now flying the stars and stripes, and making a fine sight as she roamed along at a high speed, her long low hull, bristling guns, and fighting-tops giving her a war-like and formidable appearance.

At noon of Tuesday (the 24th) the smoke of several steamers loomed down to the eastward; the fleet moved off quickly in that direction, one of the torpedo-boats darting ahead, and the rest of the ships trailing after the *New York* and *Indiana*. Again disappointment followed, for instead of Spanish ships, the Monitors *Puritan* and *Miantonomoh* appeared, and fell in line behind the *Indiana*, flying signal-flags of greeting and report. A third smoke materialized into the supply-ship *Supply*—a welcome addition to the fleet, for fresh provisions are scarce and valuable things on blockade duty. The *Montgomery*, flying the flag of Commodore Watson, and the *Wasp* joined the fleet during the afternoon, and all moved off to the eastward at night in three long lines, veiled and hidden at times in squalls of rain.

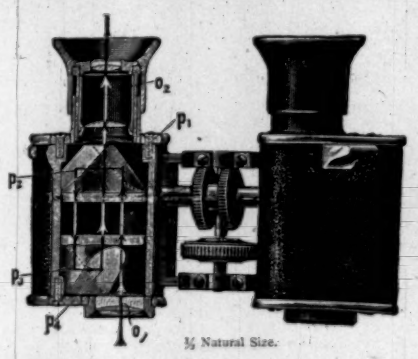
Wednesday morning early the *Cincinnati* and *Vesuvius* joined the squadron, composed now of sixteen vessels, and all headed west. "What are they doing, I'd like to know?" "We have come out for nothing, and are going back because we came," were the discontented remarks that passed current.

At no time but war-time would it be possible to get men to endure what the officers and men are going through with to-day in the apparently fruitless quest of the Spanish fleet—living on paymaster's stores, no ice, no fruit or vegetables of any kind on many or most of the ships; bulkheads torn out; all comforts pitched overboard; the engine-rooms intolerably hot; men coming out of these heated "hells" with a temperature of 130 degrees to sleep on deck, or any place they can, with the thermometer at 102 degrees. There are no awnings over the blistering decks; rain or the kindly mantle of night can alone cool or comfort the overtaxed endurance, and yet no one complains; only the impatience of brave men to meet the enemy and have done with him. The excitement of battle would be easy work compared with this weary task of waiting and watching.

Wednesday night brought a heavy squall of wind and rain, and the day closed with the ships pitching and rolling, and drenched with water from sea and sky. On Thursday smoke was again reported to the east, and the fleet promptly turned back to investigate, but again disappointment, and once more headed toward the west, the fleet moved slowly back toward Cardenas, continuing all day Friday—a perfect day alone of the entire week. At night the *New York* steamed back to Key West, and we followed, arriving on Saturday morning, and passing outside the *Oregon*, her long journey ended, and now surrounded by coal-schooners, from which her bunkers are being refilled.

Carlton T. Chapman.

New Glasses called Trieder Binoculars.



½ Natural Size.

THE TRIEDER BINOCULARS surpass to a remarkable extent the best glasses of the now generally used construction (opera and field glasses), as they possess at equal field of view 8 to 10 times greater magnifying power, or at equal magnifying power an 8 to 10 times larger field of view, producing besides a decidedly sharper image. In principle the Trieder Binocular is a Kepler telescope with prisms as reinverting agents for the image. They are eminently useful, equally for the theatre or travel, or for military, naval, hunting, racing, and regatta purposes. All binoculars bear the name of my firm, and are obtainable at manufacturers' prices of all good opticians.

Prices for New York:

3 times magnifying power, $44.50	6 x magnifying power, $54.00
9 x magnifying power, $63.50	12 x magnifying power, $72.50

Illustrated lists with detailed description free on application.

Prussia Gold Medal.

OPTICAL WORKS
Manufacturers of
Binoculars and Photo Lenses
Paris: 22 Rue de l'Entrepôt.
London: Ross, Ltd., 111 New Bond St.

C. P. Goerz

NEW YORK
52 E. Union Square.
Head Offices:
Berlin—Friedenau.

Prussia Gold Medal.

MOST COMPACT CAMERA IN THE WORLD.

Taking 3¼x2¾ and 3¼x4¼ Pictures.

Camera Open.

Only 1½ inches thick when closed, including double plate holder.

MADE IN THREE SIZES.

VEST POCKET, for 2x2¼ pictures	$ 5.00
POCKET, for 3¼x3¼ pictures	$ 7.50
TOURIST, (pocket) for 3¼x4¼ pictures	$10.00

FOR PLATES OR FILMS.

Complete with extra quality **Acromatic Lens.** Brilliant View Finder.

Every Camera tested before leaving factory and will produce **Perfect Pictures.** Also full line Long and Short Focus, Hand and Tripod Cameras, 4x5, 5x7, 6½x8½ and 8x10. All Movements, Latest Improvements, Superbly Finished. More compact than any others made.

Prices $5.00 to $65.00.

Ask your dealer for them or send for free catalogue to

MONROE CAMERA CO.,
48 Stone St., - - Rochester N. Y.

There is no Kodak but the Eastman Kodak.

Kodak Photography Is Easy Photography

All 1898 Kodaks use our light-proof film Cartridges and can be Loaded in Daylight.

$5.00 to $35.00.

Catalogues free at agencies or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.
Rochester, N. Y.

California In 3 Days.

over a luxuriously appointed railway system. Sight seeing made easy — traveling a continuous pleasure. The real charms and natural attractions of California are not known until a summer is spent in the Flowery Kingdom. The quickest train is

The Overland Limited,
No change of Cars.
Via CHICAGO, UNION PACIFIC AND NORTH-WESTERN LINE.

Leaves Chicago every day in the year, 6:30 P. M. Tourist tickets allow stop over at Trans-Mississippi Exposition at Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, Salt Lake City, etc. and gives you choice of route returning. Any ticket agent will give you detailed information.

Chicago & North-Western Ry.

The Pioneer Line West and Northwest of Chicago.

PRINCIPAL AGENCIES:
NEW YORK, 461 Broadway. BOSTON, 368 Washington St. CHICAGO, 212 Clark St.

"Summer Tours"

Is the title of the summer book issued by the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway, describing numerous leading summer resorts throughout the east and west. It is profusely illustrated and printed on the finest enamel book paper. It will be of help in selecting a place for the summer vacation. Sent on receipt of six cents in postage by applying to

A. J. SMITH,
G. P. & T. A., Cleveland, O.

"1847"
Rogers Bros.
BERKSHIRE
Beautiful Designs
and the largest assortment of Spoons, Forks, etc, can be selected in this reliable brand. Equal in design and finish to sterling silver, at one-fourth to one-eighth the cost. Remember "1847" the "Silver Plate That Wears," the standard of quality for 50 years.
Made only by
MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,
Meriden, Conn.
Sold by leading dealers everywhere.
COLUMBIA

The Club Cocktails

MANHATTAN,
MARTINI, WHISKEY,
HOLLAND GIN, TOM GIN,
VERMOUTH, AND YORK.

A COCKTAIL MUST BE COLD TO BE GOOD; TO SERVE IN PERFECT CONDITION, POUR OVER CRACKED ICE, (NOT SHAVEN) STIR AND STRAIN OFF.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., SOLE PROPRIETORS
39 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, HARTFORD, CONN.
AND 27 PICCADILLY, W., LONDON, ENGLAND.

A SAFETY REVOLVER

will ONLY GO OFF at the critical moment.

A powerful shooting weapon; 32 calibre. Very short barrel. Therefore specially desirable for **bicyclists,** *as it may be carried in the pocket without inconvenience.*

Descriptive Catalogue Free.

SMITH & WESSON,
15 Stockbridge Street, - Springfield, Mass.

7000 BICYCLES

carried over from 1897 *must be sacrificed now.* New **High Grade,** all styles, best equipment, *guaranteed.* **$9.75 to $17.00. Used wheels,** late models, all makes, **$3 to $12.** *We ship on approval without a cent payment.* Write for **bargain list** and art catalogue of swell '98 models. **BICYCLE FREE** for season to advertise them. Send for one. **Rider agents** wanted. **Learn how to Earn a Bicycle** and make money.

MEAD CYCLE CO., 281 Ave. K., Chicago.

Affidavit Brand

'TIS THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER,

Oh! long may it wave,
Over the land of the free and
The home of the brave!

A gold plated lapel button in **red, white** and **blue** enamel, the American flag shape of a bow knot. Price by mail **TWO CENTS.** Three by mail (which make ladies' shirt waist set) **FIVE CENTS.** Address,

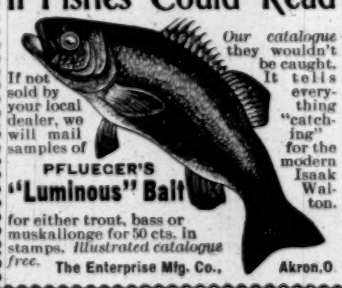
LYNN & CO., 48 Bond Street, New York.

$10 A DAY TO AGENTS

MURAT HALSTEAD'S GREAT WAR BOOK, "Our Country in War." All about armies, navies, coast defences, Maine Disaster, Cuba, Our War with Spain and relations with Foreign Nations. Nearly 600 pages, written since the Maine Disaster. Magnificent colored illustrations. Agents making $10 to $20 per day. No experience necessary. Most liberal terms guaranteed, 20 days' credit, price low, freight paid. Handsome outfit free. Send 9 two cent stamps to pay postage.

EDUCATIONAL UNION, 324 Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

If Fishes Could Read



Our catalogue they wouldn't be caught. It tells everything "catching" for the modern Isaak Walton.

If not sold by your local dealer, we will mail samples of

PFLUEGER'S "Luminous" Bait

for either trout, bass or muskallonge for 50 cts. in stamps. *Illustrated catalogue free.*

The Enterprise Mfg. Co., Akron, O

Pepsalt...

Indigestion Has No Terrors For Him
That salt-shaker is filled with **Pepsalt**

is the best of table salt, into every grain of which is incorporated digestive substances natural to the stomach. Fill your salt-cellar with ***Pepsalt*** and use it in place of salt at your meals. If you have indigestion your stomach does not supply the necessary amount of the dissolving or digestive juices. ***Pepsalt*** taken in place of salt at your meals makes good this deficiency, as you take with every mouthful of your food a similar substance to that which is required and at the right time, and your indigestion is a thing of the past.

Send for sample in salt-shaker bottle and try it.

Price 25 cents, postpaid.

THE VAUPEL SAMARITAN CO., (Permanent Bldg.), 176 Euclid Av., Cleveland, Ohio.

PEPSALT CURES AND PREVENTS INDIGESTION

UNITED STATES NAVY

Over 160 Vessels on One Sheet
Accurate and Complete

Lithographed in two tints, size 40 x 26 } 25c.
Lithographed in five colors, " 26 x 20 }
Either style in folders similar in form to pocket maps, with artistic flag cover in colors and embossed . . } 35c.

Sent, postpaid, upon receipt of price. Stamps taken.

Special quantity prices to the trade. Many other attractive war specialties. Send for illustrated circulars.

C. A. MUSSELMAN, PUBLISHER,
1213-1215 Filbert St., Philadelphia.

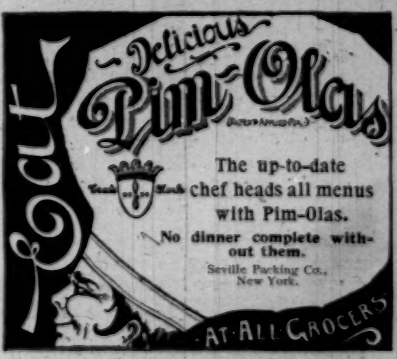
Those Fine English Tobaccos

Put up by **W. D. & H. O. WILLS** of Bristol, England, and famous the world over for their superb flavor and exquisite aroma, can be obtained for you by your dealer. If he will not get them, write to us for price-list of the well-known brands,

Capstan
Bird's Eye
Westward Ho
Three Castles
Gold Flake, etc.

J. W. SURBRUG, Sole Agent, 159 Fulton Street, NEW YORK.

Delicious Pim-Olas



MAGIC LANTERNS WANTED AND FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE. HARBACH & CO. 809 Filbert St. Phila. Pa.